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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Two Noble Kinsmen

By "JOHN FLETCHER AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"

*Date of writing uncertain, probably between 1610 and 1625*

*Probably staged in . . . . . 1626*

*Date of this the Earliest and only Known Edition . . . 1634*

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, g. 23]

*Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . . 1910*



19127

# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 107.1

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The Two Noble Kinsmen

By "JOHN FLETCHER AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"

1634

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17/9/10.

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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1634a



## The Two Noble Kinsmen

By "MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"

1634

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, g. 23).*

*It was first published in 1634, it is thought from a play-house copy, eighteen years after the death of Shakespeare, and nine years after Fletcher's decease. The entry in the Stationers' Books is dated April 8th, 1634.*

*Fletcher is by most scholars held responsible for the greater portion of the work: the part supposed to have been taken by Shakespeare has been the source of interminable criticism and contention.*

*The time of composition has also been the theme of much discussion. Critics are inclined to the view that "Shakespeare's part" may be set down to the period between 1610 and 1612, a Fletcher recasting to about 1622-25, and its staging to the following year (1626) at the Blackfriars Theatre.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says :—*

*“ British Museum,*

*“ London, W.C.,*

*“ 7th July, 1910.*

*“ Dear Mr. Farmer,*

*“ I enclose ‘THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.’ The reproduction  
“ is quite admirable, here and there a little too heavy, more rarely too weak—  
“ but nowhere anything amiss to signify really.*

*“ J. A. HERBERT.”*

JOHN S. FARMER.





TWO  
NOBLE  
KINSMEN:

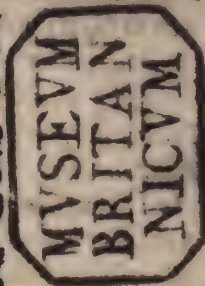
Presented at the Blackfriars  
by the Kings Maiesties servants,  
with great applause:

---

Written by the memorable Worthies  
of their time;

{ Mr. *John Fletcher*, and } Gent.  
{ Mr. *William Shakspeare*. }

---



Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Waterfon*:  
and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne  
in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1634.

Florish.


**N**ew Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,  
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,  
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play  
(Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day,  
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir  
That after holy Tye, and first nights stir  
Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines  
More of the maid to sight, than Husbonds paines;  
We pray our Play may be so; For I am sure  
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,  
A learned, and a Poet neuer went  
More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent.  
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,  
There constant to Eternity it lives;  
If we let fall the Noblenesse of this,  
And the first sound this child heare, be a hiss,  
How will it shake the bones of that good man,  
And make him cry from under ground, O far  
From me the witles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter  
That blastes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes  
Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;  
For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,  
And too ambitious to aspire to him;  
Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim  
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall take about,  
And something doe to save us: You shall heare  
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare  
Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe:  
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,  
A little dull time from us, we perceave  
Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

Florish.









# The Two Noble Kinsmen.

---

## *Actus Primus.*

---

*Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before singing, and strewing Flowres: After Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus betwene two other Nymphs with wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hipolita the Bride, lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia holding up her Traine.*

### *The Song.*

### *Musiks.*

**R**oses their sharpe spines being gon,  
Not royall in their smells alone,  
But in their hew.  
Maiden Pinckes, of odour faire,  
Dazies smell-lesse, yet most quaint  
And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne, child of Ver,  
Merry Spring times Herbinge,  
Wish her hels dimme.  
Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,  
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,  
Larkes-heeles tryme.

B

All deere natures children: sweete-  
 Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feast  
 Blessing their sence.  
 Not an angle of the aire,  
 Bird melodious, or bird faire,  
 Is absent hence.

Strew  
 Flowers.

The Crow, the staudrous Cuckee, nor  
 The boding Raven, nor Clough hee  
 Nor chattring Pie,  
 May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,  
 Or wish them any discord bring  
 But from it fly.

Enter 3. *Queenes* in Blacke, with vailcs staine, with imperi-  
 all Crownes. The 1. *Queene* fals downe at the foote of  
*Theseus*; The 2. fals downe at the foote of *Hypolita*. The  
 3. before *Emilia*.

1. *Qu.* For pitties sake and true gentilities,  
 Heare, and respect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers sake,  
 And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,  
 Heare and respect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Love* hath marked  
 The honour of your Bed, and for the sake  
 Of cleere virginity, be Advocate  
 For us, and our distresses: This good deede  
 Shall raze you out o' th Booke of Trespases  
 All you are set downe there.

*Theseus.* Sad Lady rise.

*Hypol.* Stand up.

*Emil.* No knees to me.

What woman I may steed that is distrest,  
 Does bind me to her.

*Thef.* What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. *Queenes*, whose *Soveraignes* sel before  
 The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured  
 The Beakes of Ravens, Talents of the Knights,

And





And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebes.  
 He will not suffer us to burne their bones,  
 To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence  
 Of mortall loathfomenes from the blest eye  
 Of holy *Phabus*, but infects the windes  
 With stench of our slaine Lords. O pittie Duke,  
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword  
 That does good turnes to 'ch world; give us the Bones  
 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;  
 And of thy boundles goodnes take some note  
 That for our crowned heades we have no roose,  
 Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,  
 And vault to every thing.

*Theb.* Pray you kneele not,  
 I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd  
 Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes  
 Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting  
 As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em:  
*King Capaneus*, was your Lord the day  
 That he should marry you, at such a season,  
 As now it is with me, I met your Groome,  
 By *Mars's Altar*, you were that time faire;  
 Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Tresses,  
 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath  
 Was then nor threas'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you  
 Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman  
 (Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,  
 He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide  
 And swore his sinews thaw'd: O greife, and time,  
 Fearefull consumers, you will all devoure.

*I.* *Qu.* O I hope some God,  
 Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood  
 Whereto hee'l infuse powre, and presse you forth  
 Our undertaker.

*Theb.* O no knees, none Widdow,  
 Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,  
 And pray for me your Souldier.  
 Troubled I am.

turnes away.

2. Qu.

2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*

Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine  
The Sich-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong  
As it is white, wast neere to make the male  
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord  
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour  
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into  
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing  
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe  
That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,  
Whom now I know hast much more power on him  
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,  
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for  
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glasse of Ladies  
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,  
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:  
Require him he advance it ore our heades;  
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman  
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:  
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay swolne  
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone  
What you would doe.

*Hip.* Poore Lady, say no more:

I had as leife trace this good action with you  
As that whereto I am going, and never yet  
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken  
Hart deepe with your distresse; Let him consider  
Ile speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*

Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied  
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme  
Is prest with deeper matter.

*Emilia.* Pray stand up,

Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,

You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like







*The Two Noble Kinsmen*

Like wrinkled peobles in a glasse streame  
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)  
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth  
Must know the Center too; he that will fish  
For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me  
Extremity that sharpenes sundry wits  
Makes me a Foole.

*Emili.* Pray you say nothing, pray you,  
Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,  
Knowes neither wes, nor dry, if that you were  
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you  
T' instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed  
Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas  
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex  
Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,  
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst  
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pittie  
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.

*Thef.* Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a lot  
O'th sacred Ceremony.

*I. Qu.* O This Celebration  
Will long last, and be more costly then,  
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame  
Knowles in the care, o'th world: what you doe quickly,  
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more,  
Then others laboured meditance: your premeditating  
More then their actions: But oh Love, your actions  
Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,  
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thinke  
What beds our slaine Kings have.

*2. Qu.* What greifes our beds  
That our deere Lords have none.

*3. Qu.* None fit for'th dead:  
Those that with Cordes, Kniyes, drams precipitance,  
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves  
Beene deatches most horrid Agents, humane grace  
Affords them dust and shadow.

*I. Qu.* But our Lords

Ly blistering fore the visitating Sunne,  
And were good Kings, when living.

*Thef.* It is true, and I will give you comfort;  
To give your dead Lord's graves:

The which to doe, must make some worke with *Creon*;

1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to'th doing:  
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow,  
Then, bootles toyle must recompence it selfe,  
With it's owne sweat; Now he's secure,  
Not dreames, we stand before your puissance  
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes  
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,  
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full  
Of Bread, and sloth.

*Thef.* *Artesius* that best knowest  
How to draw our sic to this enterprife,  
The prim'ft for this proceeding, and the number  
To carry such a businesse, forth and levy  
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch  
This grand act of our life, this daring deede  
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands  
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay  
Commends us to a famishing hope.

*All.* Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could greefe  
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'time  
For best solicitation.

*Thef.* Why good Ladies,  
This is a service, whereto I am going,  
Greater then any was; it more imports me  
Then all the actions that I have foregone,  
Or surely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming  
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Armes  
Able to locke *love* from a Syuod, shall





THE TWO IVORIE KINGS.  
By warranting Moone-light corset thee, oh when  
Her twynning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall  
Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt thou thinke  
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care  
For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst being able  
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O if thou could  
But one night with her, every howre in't will  
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and  
Thou shalt remember nothing more, then what  
That Banket bids thee too.

*Hip.* Though much unlike  
You should be so transported, as much sorry  
I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke  
Did I not by th'abstaying of my joy  
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit  
That craves a present medicine, I should plucke  
All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore Sir  
As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,  
Either presuming them to have some force,  
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe,  
Prorogue this busines, we are going about, and hang  
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke  
Which is my ffee, and which I freely lend  
To doe these poore Queenes service.

*All Queens.* Oh helpe now  
Our Cause cries for your knee.

*Emil.* If you grant not  
My Sister her petition in that force,  
With that Celerity, and nature which  
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare  
To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy  
Ever to take a Husband.

*Thef.* Pray stand up.  
I am entreating of my selfe to doe  
That which you k neede to have me; *Pyritbow*  
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods  
For successe, and returne, omit not any thing  
In the pretended Celebration: *Queenes*

Follow

8  
I have not a soldier.  
Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you  
And at the bankes of Anly meete us with  
The forces you can raise, where we shall finde  
The moytie of a number, for a busines,  
More bigger look't: since that our Theame is haste  
I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,  
Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward  
For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*  
Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pyrrhus*  
Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

*Pyrrhus. Sir*

He follow you to heeles; The Feasts solempnity  
Shall want till your returne.

*Thef. Cosen I charge you*

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning  
Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you  
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o' th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world)

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortall makest affections bend  
To Godlike honours; they themselves some say  
Gone under such a Maske.

*Thef. As we are men*

This should we doe, being sensually subdace  
We loose our humane cyck; good cheere Ladies. *Floris.*  
Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood  
And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in  
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City  
Thebe, and the temptings in't, before we further  
Sully our glasse of youth,  
And here to keepe in abstinence we shame  
As in Incontinence; for not to swim  
I th aide o' th Current, were almost to sicker,

AR







At least to frustrate striving, and to follow  
The common Streame, twold bring us to an Edy  
Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,  
Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

*Pal.* Your advice

Is cride up with example: what strange ruins  
Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive  
Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes  
The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound  
To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,  
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted  
By peace for whom he fought, who then shall offer  
To *Marfis* so scorn'd *Alcar*? I doe bleede  
When such I meete, and with great *Inno* would  
Resume her ancient fit of *Iolonzie*  
To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge  
For her repletion, and retaine anew  
Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher  
Then strife, or war could be.

*Arcite,* Are you not out?

Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in  
The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs? you did begin  
As if you met decaies of many kindes:  
Perceive you none, that doe arouse your pittie  
But th' un-considerd Soldier?

*Pal.* Yes, I pittie

Decaies where eie I finde them, but such most  
That sweating in an honourable Toyle  
Are paid with yce to coole 'em.

*Arcite,* Tis not this

I did begin to speake of: This is vertue  
Of no respect in Thebs. I spake of Thebs  
How dangerous if we will keepe our Honour,  
It is for our refyding, where every evill  
Hath a good cullor; where every seeming good's  
A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n lumpe  
As they are, here were to be strangers, and  
Such things to be meere Monsters.

C

*Pal.*

*Pal.* Tis in our power,  
 (Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to  
 Be Masters of our manners: what neede I  
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching  
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon  
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne  
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; fav'd too,  
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound  
 By any generous bond to follow him  
 Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill  
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,  
 Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him  
 My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust  
 To such a Favorites glasse: What Cannon is there  
 That does command my Rapier from my hip  
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe  
 Before the streete be foule? Either I am  
 The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none  
 That draw i'th sequent trace: these poore sleight sores,  
 Neede not a plantin; That which rips my bosome  
 Almost to'th heart's,

*Arcite.* Our Vnkle *Creon.*

*Pal.* He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successess  
 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured  
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts  
 Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone  
 Voluble chance, who onely attributes  
 The faculties of other Instruments  
 To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men service,  
 And what they winne in't, boote and glory on;  
 That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let  
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt  
 From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall  
 Off me with that corruption.

*Arc.* Cleere spirited Cozen

Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,  
 Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,





Will relish of the pasture, and we must  
Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen  
In blood, unlesse in quality.

*Pal.* Nothing truer:

I thinke the Ecchoes of his shames have deaf't  
The eares of heav'nly Justice: widdows cryes  
Descend againe into their throates, and have not: *Enter Va-*  
Due audience of the Gods: *Valerius* *(lerius.*

*Val.* The King calls for you; yet be leaden footed  
Till his great rage be off him. *Phobus* when  
He broke his whipstocke and exclaim'd against  
The Horses of the Sun, but whisper'd too  
The lowdenesse of his Fury.

*Pal.* Small windes shake him,  
But whats the matter?

*Val.* *Thebes* (who where he threatens appals,) hath sent  
Deadly detyance to him, and pronounces  
Ruine to *Thebes*, who is at hand to seale  
The promise of his wrath.

*Arc.* Let him approach;  
But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not  
A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man  
Thirds his owne worth (the case is each of ours)  
When that his actions dredg, with minde assur'd  
Tis bad he goes about.

*Pal.* Leave that unreasond.  
Our services stand now for *Thebes*, not *Creon*,  
Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour;  
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must  
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate;  
Who hath bounded our last minute.

*Arc.* So we must;  
It sed this warres afoote for it shall be  
On faile of some condition.

*Val.* Tis in motion  
The intelligence of state came in the instant  
With the deser.

*Pal.* Lets to the king, who, were he  
A quarter carrier of this honour, which  
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture  
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,  
Rather laide out for purchase: but alas  
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will  
The fall o'th stroke doe damage?

*Arct.* Let th'event,  
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us  
When we know all our selves, and let us follow  
The becking of our chance.

*Exeunt.*

Scena 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

*Pir.* No further.

*Hip.* Sir farewell; repeat my wishes  
To our great Lord, of whose success I dare not  
Make any timorous question, yet I wish him  
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be  
To dare ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,  
Score never hurtes good Governours.

*Pir.* Though I know  
His Ocean needs not my poore drops, yet they  
Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,  
Those best affections, that the heavens infuse  
In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand  
In your deare heart.

*Emil.* Thanckes Sir; Remember me  
To our all royall Brother, for whose speede  
The great Bellona ile sollicite; and  
Since in our terrene State petitions are not  
Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her  
What I shall be advised she likes; our hearts  
Are in his Army in his Tent.

*Hip.* In's bosome:  
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe  
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,  
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That







That have sod their Infants in (and after eate them)  
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if  
You stay to see of us such Spincklers, we  
Should hold you here for e ver.

*Pir.* Peace be to you  
As I pursue this war, which shall be then  
Beyond further requiring.

*Exit Pir.*

*Emil.* How his longing  
Followes his Friend; since his depart, his sportes  
Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly  
His careles execution, where nor gaine  
Made him regard, or losse consider, but  
Playing ore busines in his hand, another  
Directing in his head, his minde, nurse equall  
To these so differing Twyn; have you observ'd him,  
Since our great Lord departed?

*Hip.* With much labour:  
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind  
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,  
Perill and want contending, they have skiff  
Torrents whose roring tyranny and power  
Ythleast of these was dreadfull, and they have  
Fought out together, where Deaths-seife was lodgd,  
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love  
Tide, wean'd, intangled, with so true, so long,  
And with a finger of so deepe a cunning  
May be out worne, never undone. I thinke  
The few cannot be umpire to himsefe  
Cleaving his conscience into twaine, and doing  
Each side like Iustice, which he loves best.

*Emil.* Doubtleffe  
There is a best, and reason has no manners  
To say it is not you; I was acquainted  
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;  
You were at wars, when she the grave enrichd,  
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone  
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count  
Was each a cleven.

*Hip.* Twas *Flavia*.

*Emil.* Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;  
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,  
More buckled with strong Iudgement, and their needes

2. Hearses ready  
with Pala-  
mon and Arci-  
te: the 3.  
Queenes.  
*Theseus*: and  
his Lordes  
ready.

The one of th'other may be said to water  
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I  
And shee (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,  
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements  
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect  
Rare issues by their operance; our soules  
Did so to one another; what she lik'd,  
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd  
No more arraignment, the flowre that I would plucke  
And put betweene my breasts, oh (then but beginning  
To swell about the blossome) she would long  
Till shee had such another, and commit it  
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phoenix* like  
They dide in perfume: on my head no roay  
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty  
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed  
For my most serious decking, had mine care  
Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd on  
From misficall Coynadge; why it was a note  
Whereon her spirits would sojourne (rather dwell on)  
And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearsefall  
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in  
Like old importments basta'd, has this end,  
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be  
More then in sex individuall.

*Hip.* Y'are out of breath

And this high speeded-pace, is but to say  
That you shall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)  
Love any that's call'd Man.

*Emil.* I am sure I shall not.

*Hip.* Now alacke weake sutt'r,

I must no more beleeve thee in this point  
(Though, in't I know thou dost beleeve thy selfe.)

Then





Then I will trust a sickely appetite,  
That loathes even as it longs, but sure my Sister  
If I were ripe for your perswasion, you  
Have saide enough to shake me from the Arme  
Of the all noble *Thebes*, for whose fortunes,  
I will now in, and kneele with great assurance,  
That we, more then his *Pierobow*, possesse  
The high throne in his heart.

*Emil.* I am not against your faith,  
Yet I contnew mine.

*Exeunt.*

*Cornets.*

Scena 4. *A Battaille breakes within: Then a Retrait: Florish.*  
*Then Enter Thebes ( vidor ) the three Queenes meete*  
*him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1. *Qu.* To thee no starre be darke.

2. *Qu.* Both heaven and earth  
Friend thee for ever.

3. *Qu.* All the good that may  
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't: (vers)  
*Thef.* Th'imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-  
View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,  
And in their time chastice: goe and finde out  
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them  
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap  
Should be in their deere rights, we would supplie it.  
But those we will depute, which shall invest  
You in your dignities, and even each thing  
Our hast does leave imperfect; So adiew  
And heavens good eyes looke on you. what are those?

*Exeunt Quenes.*

*Herald.* Men of great quality, as may be judgd  
By their appointment; Some of Thebes have told's  
They are Sisters children, Nephewes to the King.

*Thef.* By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in the war,  
Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey,  
Make lanes in troopes agast. I fixt my note  
Constantly on them; for they were a marke

Worth

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me  
When I enquired their names?

*Herald.* We leave, they'r called  
*Arcite and Palamon,*

*Theb.* Tis right, those, those  
They are not dead?

*Her.* Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken  
3. Hearses ready. When their last hurts were given, twas possible  
They might have bin recover'd; Yet they breathe  
And haue the name of men.

*Theb.* Then like men use 'em  
The very lees of such (millions of rates)  
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions  
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes  
Rather then niggard wait, their lives concerne us,  
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state  
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,  
But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em  
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare 'em speedily  
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister  
What man to man may doe for our sake more,  
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, bechastles,  
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistress Taske,  
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,  
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too  
Without some imposition, sicknes in will  
Or wrangling strength in reason, for our Love  
And great *Appollo's* mercy, all our best,  
Their best skill tender. Leade into the City,  
Where having bound things scatterd, we will post  
To Athens for our Army.

*Florish.*

*Exeunt.*

*Musicke.*  
Scena 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their  
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.

*Vrnes and odours, bring away,  
Vapours, sighs, darken the day;*

ONR







*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

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*Our dole more deadly looks than dying  
Balms, and Gummes, and heavy cheres,  
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,  
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.*

*Come all sad, and solempne Showes,  
That are quick-eyd pleasures foes;  
We convent nought else but woe.      We convent, &c.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your households grave:  
Joy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe with him.

2. *Qu.* And this to yours.

1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend  
A thousand differing waies, to one sure end.

3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full of straying Streetes,  
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.

*Exeunt severally.*

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*Actus Secundus.*

---

*Scena I. Enter Tailor, and Woore.*

*Tailor.* I may depart with little, while I live, some thing I  
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I  
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they seldome  
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number  
Of *Minnowes*; I am given out to be better lyn'd  
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true  
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am  
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what  
it will) I will assure upon my daughter at  
The day of my death.

*Woore.* Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,  
And I will estate your Daughter in what I  
Have promised,

D

*Tailor.*

*Sailor.* Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity  
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

*Enter Daughter.*

When that shall be seene, I tender my consent.

*Wooc.* I have Sir; here shee comes.

*Sailor.* Your Friend and I have chanced to name  
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.  
Now, so soone as the Court hurry is over, we will  
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly  
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

*Daug.* These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they  
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I  
Doe thinke they have patience to make any aduersity  
A sham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and  
They have all the world in their Chamber.

*Sailor.* They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

*Daug.* By my troth, I thinke Paine but stammers 'em, they  
Stand a greife above the reach of report. (doers.

*Jai.* I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only

*Daug.* Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I  
Mervaille how they would have look'd had they beene  
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce  
A freedom out of Bondage, making misery their  
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

*Sailor.* Doe they so?

*Daug.* It seemes to me they have no more sence of their  
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eat  
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,  
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:  
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer  
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.  
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke,  
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,  
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

*Wooc.* I never saw 'em.

*Sailor.* The Duke himselfe came privately in the night,

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.*

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know





*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Know not: Looke yander they are; that's

*Arcite* lookes out.

*Daugh.* No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the  
Lower of the twaine; you may perceiue a part  
Of him.

*Iai.* Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not  
Make us their object; out of their fight.

*Daugh.* It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the  
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter *Palamon*, and *Arcite* in prison.

*Pal.* How doe you Noble *Cosen*?

*Arcite.* How doe you Sir?

*Pal.* Why strong enough to laugh at misery,  
And beare the chance of warre yet, we are prisoners  
I feare for ever *Cosen*.

*Arcite.* I beleeeve it,  
And to that destiny have patiently  
Laide up my houre to come.

*Pal.* Oh *Cosen Arcite*,  
Where is *Thebes* now? where is our noble Country?  
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more  
Must we behold those comforts, never see  
The hardy youthes strive for the Games of honour  
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)  
Like tall Ships under saile: then start among't 'em  
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us,  
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*,  
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg  
Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands,  
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never  
Shall we two exercise, like *Twyns* of honour,  
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry horses  
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now  
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)  
Bravishd our sides, like age must run to rust,  
And decke the Temples of those gods that hate us,

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning  
To blast whole Armies more.

*Arcite. No Palamon,*  
Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are  
And here the graces of our youthes must wither  
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must finde us,  
And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,  
The sweete embraces of a loving wife  
Loden with kisses, armd with thousand Cupids  
Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us,  
No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,  
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em  
Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say  
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.  
The faire-eyd Maides, shall weepe our Banishments,  
And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune  
Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done  
To youth and nature; This is all our world;  
We shall know nothing here but one another,  
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.  
The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:  
Sommer shall come, and with her all delights;  
But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

*Pal.* Tis too true *Arcite.* To our Theban houndes,  
That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,  
No more now must we halloo, no more shake  
Our pointed Javelyns, whilst the angry Swine  
Flies like a parthian quiver from our rages,  
Strucke with our well-steeld Darts; All valiant uses.  
(The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes.)  
In us two here shall perish; we shall die  
(which is the curse of honour) lastly,  
Children of greife, and Ignorance.

*Arc.* Yet Cosen,  
Even from the bottom of these miseries  
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,  
I see two comforts rising, two meere blessings,  
If the gods please, to hold here a braye patience,

And







*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

And the enjoying of our griefes together;  
Whilst *Palamos* is with me, let me perish  
If I thinke this our prison.

*Pala.* Certainly,  
Tis a maine goodnes *Cosen*, that our fortunes  
Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two soules  
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em suffer  
The gaulle of hazard, so they grow together,  
Will never sincke, they must not, say they could,  
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

*Arc.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place  
That all men hate so much?

*Pal.* How gentle *Cosen*!

*Arc.* Let's thinke this prison, holy sanctuary,  
To keepe us from corruption of worlde men,  
We are young and yet desire the waies of honour,  
That liberty and common Conversation  
The poyson of pure spirits; might like women  
Wooc us to wander from. What worthy blessing  
Can be but our Imaginations  
May make it ours? And heere being thus together,  
We are an endles mine to one another;  
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting  
New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,  
We are in one another, Families,  
I am your heire, and you are mine: This place  
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressour  
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience  
We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seeke us  
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas  
Swallow their youth: we e we at liberty,  
A wife might part us lawfully, or busines,  
Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men  
Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken *Cosen*,  
Where you should never know it, and so perish  
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,  
Or praies to the gods; a thousand chaunces  
Were we from hence, would sever us.

*Pal.* You have made me  
 (I thanke you Cosen *Arcite*) almost wanton  
 With my Captivity: what a misery  
 It is to live abroade? and every where:  
 Tis like a Beast me thinkes: I finde the Court here,  
 I am sure a more content, and all those pleasures  
 That wooe the wils of men to vanity,  
 I see through now, and am sufficient  
 To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shadow,  
 That old Time, as he passes by takes with him,  
 What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,  
 Where sin is Iustice, lust, and ignorance,  
 The vertues of the great ones: Cosen *Arcite*,  
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us  
 We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,  
 And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curses,  
 Shall I say more?

*Arc.* I would heare you still.

*Pal.* Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd  
 Better then we doe *Arcite*?

*Arc.* Sure there cannot.

*Pal.* I doe not thinke it possible our friendship  
 Should ever leave us.

*Arc.* Till our deatnes it cannot

*Enter Emilia and her woman.*

And after death our spirits shall be led  
 To those that love eternally. Speake on Sir.  
 This garden has a world of pleasures in't.

*Emil.* What Flowre is this?

*Wom.* Tis calld Narcissus Madam.

*Emil.* That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,  
 To love himselfe, were there not maides enough?

*Arc.* Pray forward.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Emil.* Or were they all hard hearted?

*Wom.* They could not be to one so faire,

*Emil.* Thou wouldst not.





*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

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*Wom.* I thinke I should not, Madam.

*Emil.* That's a good wench:

But take heede to your kindnes though.

*Wom.* Why Madam?

*Emil.* Men are mad things.

*Arcite.* Will ye goe forward Cosen?

*Emil.* Canst not thou worke such flowers in silke wench?

*Wom.* Yes.

*Emil.* Ile have a gowne full of 'em and of these,  
This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe  
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?

*Wom.* Deinty Madam.

*Arc.* Gosen, Cosen, how doe you Sir? Why *Palamon*?

*Pal.* Never till now I was in prison *Arcite.*

*Arc.* Why whats the matter Man?

*Pal.* Behold, and wonder.

By heaven shee is a Goddesse.

*Arcite.* Ha.

*Pal.* Doe reverence.

She is a Goddesse *Arcite.*

*Emil.* Of all Flowres,

Me thinks a Rose is best.

*Wom.* Why gentle Madam?

*Emil.* It is the very Embleme of a Maide.

For when the west wind courts her gently  
How modestly she blowes, and paints the Sun,  
With her chaste blushes? When the North comes neere her,  
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity  
Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,  
And leaves him to base briers.

*Wom.* Yet good Madam,  
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far  
Shee falls for't: a Mayde  
If shee have any honour, would be loath  
To take example by her.

*Emil.* Thou art wanton.

*Arc.* She is wondrous faire.

*Pal.* She is all the beauty extant.

*Emil.*

*Emil.* The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep these flowers,  
Wee see how neere Art can come neere their colours;  
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.

*Wom.* I could lie downe I am sure.

*Emil.* And take one with you?

*Wom.* That's as we bargaine Madam,

*Emil.* Well, agree then.

*Exeunt Emilia and woman.*

*Pal.* What thinke you of this beauty?

*Arc.* Tis a rare one.

*Pal.* Is't but a rare one?

*Arc.* Yes a matchles beauty.

*Pal.* Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her?

*Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done, I have,  
Behrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

*Pal.* You love her then?

*Arc.* Who would not?

*Pal.* And desire her?

*Arc.* Before my liberty.

*Pal.* I saw her first.

*Arc.* That's nothing.

*Pal.* But it shall be.

*Arc.* I saw her too.

*Pal.* Yes, but you must not love her.

*Arc.* I will not as you doe; to worship her;  
As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess,  
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)  
So both may love.

*Pal.* You shall not love at all.

*Arc.* Not love at all.

Who shall deny me?

*Pal.* I that first saw her; I that tooke possession  
First with mine eye of all those beauties  
In her reveald to mankind: if thou lou'st her.  
Or entertain't a hope to blast my wishes,  
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow  
False as thy Title to her: friendship, blood  
And all the tyes betweene us I disclaime







If thou once thinke upon her.

*Arc.* Yes I love her,  
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,  
I must doe so, I love her with my soule,  
If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*,  
I say againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine  
I am as worthy, and as free a lover  
And have as just a title to her beauty  
As any *Palamon* or any living  
That is a mans Sonne.

*Pal.* Have I cald thee friend?

*Arc.* Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?  
Let me deale coldly with you, am not I  
Part of you blood, part of your soule? you have told me  
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcise*.

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* Am not I liable to those affections,  
Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer?

*Pal.* Ye may be.

*Arc.* Why then would you deale so cunningly,  
So strangely, so vnlike a noble kinsman  
To love alone? speake truly, doe you thinke me  
Vnworthy of her sight?

*Pal.* No; but unjust,  
If thou pursue that sight.

*Arc.* Because an other  
First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still  
And let mine honour downe, and never charge?

*Pal.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Arc.* But say that one  
Had rather combat me?

*Pal.* Let that one say so,  
And use thy freedome: els if thou pursuest her,  
Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,  
A branded villaine.

*Arc.* You are mad.

*Pal.* I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcise*, it concernes me,

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee  
And take thy life, I deale but cruelly.

*Arc.* Fie Sir.

You play the Childe exceedingly: I will love her,  
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,  
And all this justly.

*Pal.* O that now, that now  
Thy false-selfe and thy friend, had but this fortune  
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe  
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee  
What tw'er to filch affection from another:  
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse,  
Put but thy head out of this window more,  
And as I have a soule, Ile haile thy life too't.

*Arc.* Thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble.  
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,  
And leape the garden, when I see her next

*Enter Keeper.*

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

*Pal.* No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live  
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

*Arc.* Doe.

*Keeper.* By your leave Gentlemen:

*Pal.* Now honest keeper?

*Keeper.* Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;  
The cause I know not yet.

*Arc.* I am ready keeper.

*Keeper.* Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you  
Of your faire Cosens Company.

*Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.*

*Pal.* And me too,  
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?  
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,  
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice  
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,  
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that  
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;  
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more





I would but see this faire One: Blessed Gar ten,  
And fruite, and flowers more blessed that still blossom  
As her bright eies shine on ye. would I were  
For all the fortune of my life hereafter  
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;  
How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes  
In at her window; I would bring her fruite  
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleasure  
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,  
And if she be not heavenly I would make her  
So nere the Gods in nature, they should feare her.

*Enter Keeper.*

And then I am sure she would love me: how now keeper  
Wher's *Arcite*,

*Keeper*, Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*  
Obtained his liberty; but never more  
Vpon his oth and life must he set foote  
Vpon this Kingdome.

*Pal.* Hees a blessed man,  
He shall see Thebes againe, and call to Armes  
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,  
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,  
If he dare make himselfe a worthy Lover,  
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle for her;  
And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward;  
How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her  
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand waies.  
Were I at liberty, I would doe things  
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,  
This blushing virgine should take manhood to her  
And seeke to ravish me.

*Keeper*, My Lord for you  
I have this charge too.

*Pal.* To discharge my life.

*Keep.* No, but from this place to remoove your Lordship.  
The windowes are too open.

*Pal.* Devils take 'em  
That are so envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

*Keep.* And hang for't afterward.

*Pal.* By this good light  
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

*Keep.* Why my Lord?

*Pal.* Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually  
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

*Keep.* Indeede you must my Lord.

*Pal.* May I see the garden?

*Keep.* Noe.

*Pal.* Then I am resolut, I will not goe. (rous

*Keep.* I must constraine you then; and for you are danger  
He clap more yrons on you.

*Pal.* Doe good keeper.

He shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,  
He make ye a new Morriffe, must I goe?

*Keep.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Fare well kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

*Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*

*Scena 3. Enter Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Banishd the kingdome? tis a benefit,  
A mercy I must thanke 'em for, but banishd  
The free enjoying of that face I die for,  
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death  
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance  
That were I old and wicked, all my sins  
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon;*  
Thou ha'st the Start now, thou shalt stay and see  
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,  
And let in life into thee; thou shalt see  
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,  
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:  
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?  
Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,  
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,







I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come)  
Tempests, and make the wild Rocks wanton. Come what  
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,  
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,  
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.  
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,  
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:  
He see her, and be nere her, or no more.

*Enter 4. Country people, & one with a Garlon before them.*

1. My Masters, he be there that's certaine.

2. And he be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,  
Let the plough play to day, he tick'it out  
Of the lades taitles to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:  
But that's all one, he goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,  
And all's made up againe.

3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her  
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arca* will be there.

2. And *Sennos*.

And *Rysas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danced under green Tree,  
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaster keep touch  
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.

3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mat-  
ter's too farre driven betwene him, and the Tanners daugh-  
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must  
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most painoully in our behalfe: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,

Are these such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you never saw; The *Duke* himselfe Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip.

Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porridge.

He wrastle? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*





*Arc.* This is an offerd opportunity  
 I durst not wish for. Well, I could ha ve wrestled;  
 The best men call'd it excellent, and run  
 Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne  
 (Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: He venture,  
 And in some poore disguise be there, who knowes  
 Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?  
 And happines preferre me to a place,  
 Where I may ever dwell in sight of her. *Exit Arcite,*

*Scena 4. Enter Isolors Daughter alone.*

*Danb.* Why should I love this Gentleman? Tis odds  
 He never will affect me; I am base,  
 My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison,  
 And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse;  
 To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;  
 What pushes aie we wenches driven to  
 When fisteene once has found us? First I saw him,  
 I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;  
 He has as much to please a woman in him,  
 (If he please to bestow it so) as ever  
 These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,  
 And so would any young wench o' my Conscience  
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead  
 To a yong haasom Man; Then I lov'd him,  
 (Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;  
 And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too.  
 But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there  
 Lord, what a coyle he keeps? To heare him  
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?  
 And yet his Songs are sad ones; Fairer spoken,  
 Was never Gentleman. When I come in  
 To bring him water in a morning, first  
 He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus:  
 Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,  
 Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,  
 I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,  
 Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,  
 And me as much to see his misery.

What

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,  
 For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd  
 To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much  
 For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,  
 And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. *Exit.*

*Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,*

*Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

This short flo-  
 rish of Cor-  
 nets and  
 Showes with  
 in.

*Thes.* You have done worthily; I have not seene  
 Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;  
 What ere you are, you run the best, and wrestle,  
 That these times can allow.

*Arcite.* I am proud to please you,

*Thes.* What Countrie bred you?

*Arcite.* This; but far off, Prince.

*Thes.* Are you a Gentleman?

*Arcite.* My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

*Thes.* Are you his heire?

*Arcite.* His yongest Sir.

*Thes.* Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what proves you?

*Arcite.* A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd

To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise

My feat in horsemanship; yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,

I would be thought a Souldier.

*Thes.* You are perfect.

*Pirith.* Vpon my soule, a proper man.

*Emilia.* He is so.

*Per.* How doe you like him Ladie?

*Hip.* I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble

(If he say true,) of his sort.

*Emil.* Beleeve;

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,

His face me thinkes, goes that way.

*Hyp.* But his Body

And







And fire minde, illustrate a brave Father.

*Per.* Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun  
Breakes through his baser garments.

*Hyp.* Hee's well got sure.

*Thef.* What made you seeke this place Sir ?

*Arc.* Noble *Thefem.*

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service  
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,  
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world  
dwells faire-cyd honor.

*Per.* All his words are worthy.

*Thef.* Sir, we are much endebted to your travell;  
Nor shall you loose your wish : *Perishom*  
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

*Perish.* Thanks *Thefem.*

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you  
To a most noble service, to this Lady,  
This bright yong Virgin ; pray observe her goodnesse;  
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,  
And as your due y'ar hers ; kisse her faire hand Sir.

*Arc.* Sir, y'ar a noble Giver ; dearest Bewtie,  
Thus let me seale my vowd faich : when your Servant  
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

*Emil.* That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir ; I shall soone see't : (you  
Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

*Per.* Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say  
You are a horseman, I mult needs intreat you  
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

*Arc.* I like him better (Prince) I shall not then  
Freeze in my Saddle.

*Thef.* Sweet, you must be readie,  
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all  
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance  
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood : waite well Sir  
Vpon your Mistris : *Emely*, I hope  
He shall not goe a foote.

F

*Emil.*

*Emil.* That were a shame Sir,  
While I have herfes: take your choice, and what  
You want at any time, let me but know it;  
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You'l finde a loving Mistris.

*Are.* If I doe not,  
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,  
Disgrace, and blowes.

*T. bes.* Go leade the way; you have won it:  
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues  
Fit for the honour you have won; Twere wrong else,  
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,  
That if I were a woman, would be Master,  
But you are wife.

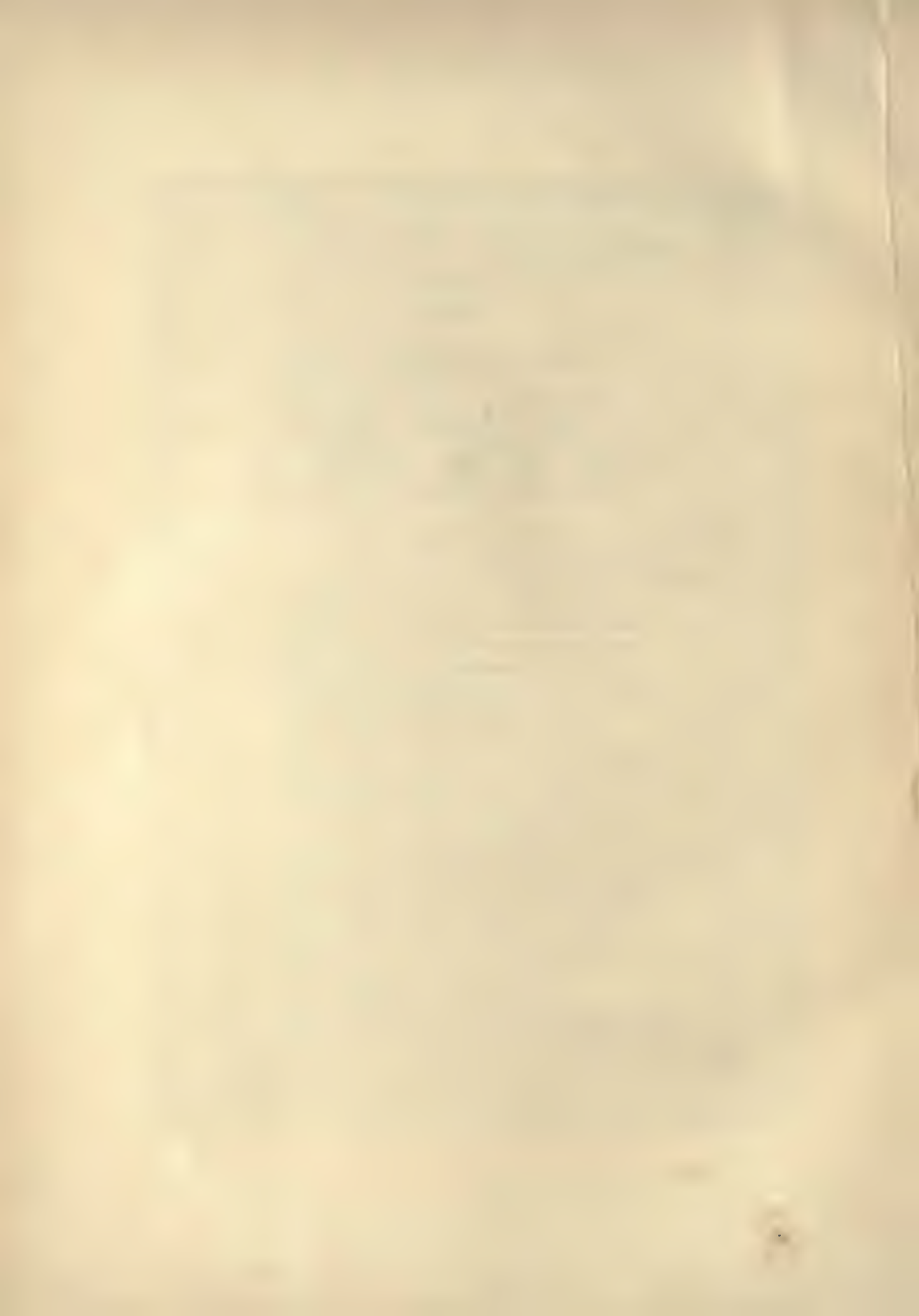
*Emil.* I hope too wise for that Sir. *Florisb.* *Exeunt omnes.*

*Scena 6. Enter Iaylor's Daughter alone.*

*Daughter.* Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,  
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,  
And out I have brought him to a little wood  
A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar  
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane  
Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,  
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet  
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love  
What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father  
Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:  
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,  
Or wit, or safetic: I have made him know it  
I care not, I am desperate, if the law  
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,  
Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.  
And tell to memory, my death was noble,  
Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,  
I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot  
Be sounmanly, as to leave me here,  
If he doe, Maides will not so easily  
Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me  
For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

And





And that (me thinkes) is not so well; nor scarcely  
 Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,  
 He made such scruples of the wrong he did  
 To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope  
 When he considers more, this love of mine  
 Will take more root within him: Let him doe  
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly,  
 For use me so he shall, or ile proclaime him  
 And to his face, no-man: Ile presently  
 Provide him necessaries, and packe my clothes up,  
 And where there is a path of ground Ile venture  
 So hee be with me; By him, like a shadow  
 Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub  
 Will be all ore the prison: I am then  
 Kissing the man they looke for: farewell Father;  
 Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,  
 And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now to him:

Actus Tertius.

Scena I. Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hypolita; each tooke  
 A severall land. This is a solemne Right  
 They owe bloomd May, and the Athenians pay it  
 To'th heart of Ceremony: O Queene Emilia  
 Fresher then May, sweeter  
 Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all  
 Th'en amell'd knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea  
 (We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph  
 That makes the streame seeme flowers; thou o Jewell  
 O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace  
 With thy sole presence, in thy rumination  
 That I poore man might estioones come betweene  
 And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance  
 To drop on such a Mistris, expectation  
 most gilltlesse on't: tell me O Lady Fortune  
 (Next after Emely my Sovereigne) how far

Cornets in  
 sundry places.  
 Notice and  
 hallowing as  
 people a May-  
 ing:

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me.  
 Hath made me neerer her; and this beauteous Morne  
 (The prim'lt of all the yeare) presents me with  
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well  
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field  
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas  
 Poore Cousin Palamon, poore prisoner, thou  
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that  
 Thou thinkst thy selfe, the happier thing, to be  
 So neere *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,  
 And therein wretched, although free; But if  
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breathd on me, and that  
 I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz  
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles: bends  
 his fist at Arcise.*

*Palamon.* Traytor kinsman,  
 Thou shouldst perceiv my passion, if these signes  
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand  
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one  
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee  
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious  
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.  
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cousin  
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou hir thine?  
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,  
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art  
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord  
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword  
 And these house clogges away.

*Arc.* Deere Cousin Palamon,

*Pal.* Cousin *Arcise*, give me language, such  
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

*Arc.* Not finding in

The circuit of my breast, any grosse stuffe  
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer, tis your passion  
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind; honor, and honestie







I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r  
 You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz  
 Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd  
 To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that  
 Your question's with your equall, who professes  
 To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword  
 Of a true Gentleman.

*Pal.* That thou durst *Arcite*.

*Arc.* My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd  
 How much I dare, y've seene me use my Sword  
 Against th'advise of feare: sure of another  
 You would not heare me doubted, but your silence  
 Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

*Pal.* Sir,

I have seene you move in such a place, which well  
 Might justifie your manhood, you were calld (faire  
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not  
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper  
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,  
 And then they fight like compeld Beares, would fly  
 Were they not tyde.

*Arc.* Kinsman, you might as well  
 Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to  
 His care, which now disdaines you.

*Pal.* Come up to me,  
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword  
 Though it be rustie, and the charity  
 Of one meale lend me; Come before me then  
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say  
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive  
 The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life  
 If then thou carty't, and brave soules in shades  
 That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me  
 Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this  
 That thou art brave, and noble.

*Arc.* Be content,  
 Again betake you to your hawthorne house,  
 With counsaile of the night, I will be here  
 With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will

Will I file off, you shall have gannents, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison, after  
When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*  
I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce  
Both Sword, and Armour.

*Pal.* Oh you heavens, dares any  
So noble beare a guilty busines: none  
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*  
In this kinde is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweete *Palamon*.

*Pal.* I doe embrace you, and your offer, for  
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person  
Without hipocrisye I may not wish

*Winds hornes of Cornes.*

More then my Swords edge out.

*Arc.* You heare the Hornes;  
Enter your Musicke least this match between's  
Be crost, or met, give me your hand, farewell.  
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you  
Take comfort and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray hold your promise;  
And doe the deece with a bent brow, most certaine  
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre  
This oile out of your language; by this ayre  
I could for each word, give a Cusse: my stomach  
not reconcild by reason,

*Arc.* Plainely spoken,  
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

*Winds hornes.*

My horse, I chide him not; content, and anget  
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call  
The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse  
I have an office there.

*Pal.* Sir your attendance  
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office  
Vnjustly is achiev'd.

*Arc.* If a good title,  
I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By





By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Saitour,  
That to your Sword you will bequasath this plea,  
And talke of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:  
You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,  
For note you, mine she is.

*Arc.* Nay then.

*Pal.* Nay pray you,  
You talke of feeding me to breed me strength  
You are going now to looke upon a Sun  
That strengthens what it lookes on, there  
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena 2. Emer Taylors daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* He his misbooke; the Beake I meant, is gone  
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh morning,  
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,  
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a wolfe:  
In me hath greife slaine feare, and but for one thing  
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.  
I wrake not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?  
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?  
If he not answerd, I should call a wolfe,  
And doe him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be  
They have made prey of him? he has no wepons,  
He cannot run, the lengling of his Gives  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sence to know a man unarmed, and can  
Smell where resistance is. He set it downe  
He's torne to peeces, they howld many together  
And then they feed on him: So much for that,  
Be bold to ring the Bell; how stand I then?  
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,  
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,  
My selfe to beg, if I priz'd life so much  
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should

Should I try death by dussions: I am inop't,  
 Food tooke I none these two daies,  
 Sit some water, I have not closd mine eyes  
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas  
 Dissolue my life, Let not my sence unsettle  
 Least I should drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe,  
 O state of Nature, faile together in me,  
 Since thy best props are warpe: So which way now?  
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:  
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe  
 The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowle  
 Cal's in the dawne; all offices are done  
 Save what I faile in: But the point is this  
 An end, and that is all.

Exit.

SCENA 3. Enter Arcise, with Meate, Wine and Files.

Arc. I should be neere the place, ho. Cosen Palamon.

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcise.

Arc. The same: I have brought you foode and files,  
 Come forth and feare not, her's no *Thefeus*.

Pal. Nor none so honest Arcise.

Arc. That's no matter,

Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,  
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke  
 I know you are faint, then le take further with you.

Pal. Arcise, thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and good now  
 No more of these vaine parlies; let us not  
 Having our ancient reputation with us  
 Make taike for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe,

Arc. Pray sit downe then, and let me entreate you  
 By all the honesty and honour in you,  
 No mention of this woman, it will disturbe us,  
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you,

(blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

Doe







Doe not you feele it thaw you?

*Pal.* Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

*Arc.* Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz: Eat now.

*Pal.* Yes;

*Arc.* I am glad you have so good a stomach.

*Pal.* I am gladder I have so good meate too't.

*Arc.* Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Cosen

*Pal.* Yes, for then that have wilde Consciences. (I see,

*Arc.* How tastes your vitralls? your hunger needs no sawce

*Pal.* Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: sweete Cosen: what is this?

*Arc.* Venison.

*Pal.* Tis a lusty meate:

Giue me more wine; here *Arcite* to the wenches

We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.

Doe you remember her?

*Arc.* After you Cuz,

*Pal.* She lov'd a black-haired man.

*Arc.* She did so; well Sir.

*Pal.* And I have heard some call him *Arcite*, and

*Arc.* Out with't faith,

*Pal.* She met him in an Arbour:

What did she there Cuz? play o'th virginals?

*Arc.* Something she did Sir.

*Pal.* Made her groane a moneth for't; or 2. or 3. or 10.

*Arc.* The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,

Else there be tales abroad, you'l pledge her?

*Pal.* Yes.

*Arc.* A pretty broune wench't is. There was a time

When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,

And a broade Beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

*Pal.* For *Emily*, upon my life; Foole

Away with this strai'd mirth; I say againe

That sigh was breathd for *Emily*; bafe Cosen,

Dar'st thou breake first?

*Arc.* you are wide.

*Pal.* By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honest,

*Arc.* Then Ile leave you: you are a Beast now:

*Pal.* As thou makst me, Tray our. (fumes)

*Arc.* Ther's all things needfull, files and shirts, and, per:  
Ile come againe some two howres hence, and bring  
That that shall quiet all,

*Pal.* A Sword and Armour:

*Arc.* Feare me not; you are now too so wle; farewell.  
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

*Pal.* Sir ha:

*Arc.* Ile heare no more.

*Exit.*

*Pal.* If he keepe touch, he dies for't.

*Exit:*

*Scena 4. Enter Iaylor's daughter.*

*Daugh.* I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,  
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:  
The Sun has seene my Folly: *Palamon*;  
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?  
Yonder's the sea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles  
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;  
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,  
Ther's a feak sprung, a sound one, how they cry?  
Vpon her before the winde, you'l loose all els:  
Vp with a course or two, and take about Boyes.  
Good night, good night, y'ar gone; I am very hungry,  
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me  
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make  
A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and sayle  
By east and North East to the King of *Pigmos*,  
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father  
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice  
To morrow morning, he say never a word.

*Sing.*

*For ile cut my greene coat, afoote above my knee,  
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.*

*hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,*

*He's buy me a white Cut, forih for to ride  
And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide*

*hey nonny, nonny, nonny.*

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breast  
Against





Against. I shall sleepe like a Top else.

Exit.

Scena 6. Enter a Schoole master. 4. Countrymen, and  
Baum, 2. or 3 wenches, with a Taborer.

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labourd so long with ye? milkd unto ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you stil cry where, and how, & wherfore you most course freeze capacities, ye jave Judgements, have I saide thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man understand mee, *proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here stand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the Duke appears, I meete him and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I sling my Cap up; marke there; then do you as once did *Moleager*, and the *Bore* break comly out before him: like true lovers, cast your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and turne Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold*.

2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.

3: Why *Timosky*.

Tab. Here my mad boyes, have at ye.

Sch. But I say where's their women?

4. Here's *Fritz* and *Maudline*.

(*Barbery*.)

2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and bouncing

1. And freckled *Nel*; that never faid her Master.

Sch. Wher be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies  
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a fauour, and a friske.

*Nel*. Let us alone Sir.

Sch. Wher's the rest o'th Musicke.

3. Dispersd as you commanded.

Sch. Couple then

And see what's wanting; wher's the *Bavian*?

My friend, carry your taile without offence

Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

And when you barke doe it with judgement,

*Ban.* Yes Sir.

*Sch.* *Quo usque tandem.* Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i' th fire.

*Sch.* We have,

As learned Authours utter, wash'd a Tile,

We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornefull peece, that scurvily hilding

That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,

Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shal be dog skin;

Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*

She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

*Sch.* An Eele and woman,

A learned Poet sayes: unles by' th tale

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,

In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir?

*Sch.* Nothing,

Our busines is become a nullity

Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,

Now to be frampall, now to pisse o' th nettle,

Goe thy waies, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

*Enter Taylor's daughter.*

The George alew, came from the South, from

*Daughter.*

The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by threes, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

*Chaire and  
fooles out.*

And whither now are you bound a

O let me have your company till come to the found a

There was threesfooles, fell out about an bowles

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away,

3. Ther's







3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as  
mad as a march hare : if wee can get her daunce, wee are  
made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,  
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.  
You are a foole : tell ten, I have pozd him : Buz  
Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe  
Your teeth will bleede extremely, shall we dance ho?  
I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker  
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni.* A Tinker Damzell? (play

Daug. O, a Conjure: raise me a devill now, and let him  
*Quipassa,* o'th bells and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perswade her to a peaces:  
*Es opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis.*  
Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. He leade.

(Wind Hornes)

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswafively, and cunningly : away boyes,

*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I heare the hornes : give me some  
Meditation, and marke your Cue ;  
Pallas inspire me.

*Enter Thef. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite : and traine.*

Thef. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thef. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit downe, wee'l stay it. (Ladies.)

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile : all haile sweet

Thef. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Country pastime made is,

We are a few of those collected here  
 That ruder Tongues dittinguish villager,  
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;  
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable  
 Or company, or by a figure, *Choris*  
 That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.  
 And I that am the restifier of all  
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall  
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,  
 And humble with a Perula the tall ones,  
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,  
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame  
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar  
 Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,  
 And with thy twinckling eyes, looke right and straight  
 Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight  
 Is—now comes in, which being glewd together  
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.  
 The body of our sport of no small study  
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,  
 To speake before thy noble grace, this repper:  
 At whose great feete I offer up my penner.  
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,  
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night  
 That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host  
 And his fat Spowfe, that welcomes to their cost  
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning  
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reckning:  
 Then the beast eating Clowne, and next the foole,  
 The *Bavian* with long tayle, and eke long toole,  
*Cum multis alijs* that make a dance,  
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.  
*Thef.* I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.

*Per.* Produce.

*Musicke Dance.*

Knocke for  
Schoole. Enter  
The Dance.

*Intrate filij,* Come forth, and foot it,  
*Ladies,* if we have beene merry  
 And have pleas'd thee with a derry,  
 And a derry, and a downe.





Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne:  
 Duke, if we have pleas'd thee so  
 And have done as good Boyes should doe,  
 Give us but a tree or twaine  
 For a Maypole, and againe  
 Ere another yeare run out,  
 Wee'l make thee laugh and all this rout.

*Thes.* Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart.

*Hip.* Never so pleas'd Sir.

*Emil.* Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface  
 I never heard a better. (warded.

*Thes.* Schoolemaster, I thanke yon, One see'cm all re-  
*Per.* And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

*Thes.* Now to our sports againe.

*Sch.* May the Stag thou huntst stand long,

And thy dogs be swift and strong:

May they kill him without lets,

And the Ladies eate his dowsets: Come we are all made.

*Winde Hornes.*

*Dy Deaq; emnes,* ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

*Sczna 7. Enter Palamon from the Bush.*

*Pal.* About this houre my Cosen gave his faith  
 To visit me againe, and with him bring  
 Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he faile  
 He's neither man, nor Souldier; when he left me  
 I did not thinke a weeke could have restord  
 My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,  
 And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite,*  
 Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe  
 With this refreshing, able once againe  
 To out dure danger: To delay it longer  
 Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,  
 That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight  
 And not a Souldier: Therefore this blest morning  
 Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,  
 If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Justice:  
 So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

*Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.*

*Arcite.*

*Arc.* Good morrow noble kinsman,

*Pal.* I have put you  
To too much paines Sir.

*Arc.* That too much faire Cosen,  
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

*Pal.* Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye  
As kinde a kinsman, as you force me finde  
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces  
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.

*Arc.* I shall thinke either  
Well done, a noble recompence.

*Pal.* Then I shall quit you.

*Arc.* Defy me in these faire termes, and you show  
More then a Mistris to me, no more anger  
As you love any thing that's honourable;  
We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd  
And both upon our guards, then let our fury  
Like meeting of two tides, fly st rongly from us,  
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty  
Truely pertaines (without obbraidings, scornes,  
Dispisings of our persons, and such powtings  
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be scene  
And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt please you arme Sir,  
Or if you feele your selfe not fitting yet  
And furnisld with your old strength, ile stay Cosen  
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,  
As I am spard, your person I am friends with,  
And I could wish I had not saide I lov'd her  
Though I had dide; But loving such a Lady  
And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

*Pal.* *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy  
That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,  
I am well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

*Arc.* Choose you Sir.

*Pal.* Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'st thou doe it  
To make me spare thee?

*Arc.* If you thinke so Cosen,  
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.







I will not spare you.

*Pal.* That's well said.

*Arc.* You'll finde it

*Pal.* Then as I am an honest man and love,  
With all the justice of affection  
Ile pay thee soundly : This ile take.

*Arc.* That's mine then,  
Ile arme you first.

*Pal.* Do : pray thee tell me Cosen,  
Where gotst thou this good Armour.

*Arc.* Tis the Dukes,  
And to say true, I stole it; doe I pinch you ?

*Pal.* Noe.

*Arc.* Is't not too heavie ?

*Pal.* I have worne a lighter,  
But I shall make it serve.

*Arc.* Ile buckl't close.

*Pal.* By any meanes.

*Arc.* You care not for a Grand guard ?

*Pal.* No, no, wee'l use no horses, I perceave  
You would faine be at that Fight.

*Arc.* I am indifferent.

*Pal.* Faith so am I : good Cosen, thrust the buckle  
Through far enough.

*Arc.* I warrant you.

*Pal.* My Caske now.

*Arc.* Will you fight bare-armed ?

*Pal.* We shall be the nimbler.

*Arc.* But use your Gauntlets though; those are o'th least,  
Prethee take mine good Cosen.

*Pal.* Thanke you *Arcite*.

How doe I looke, am I false much away ?

*Arc.* Faith very little ; love has usd you kindly.

*Pal.* Ile warrant thee, Ile strike home.

*Arc.* Doe, and spare not ;  
Ile give you cause sweet Cosen.

*Pal.* Now to you Sir,  
Me thinks this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*,

H

Thou

Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

*Arc.* That was a very good one, and that day  
I well remember, you outdid me Cosen,  
I never saw such valour: when you chargd  
Vpon the left wing of the Enemy,  
I spurd hard to come up, and under me  
I had a right good horse.

*Pal.* You had indeede  
A bright Bay I remember.

*Arc.* Yes but all  
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,  
Nor could my wishes reach you; yet a little  
I did by imitation.

*Pal.* More by vertue,  
You are modest Cosen.

*Arc.* When I saw you charge first,  
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder  
Breake from the Troope.

*Pal.* But still before that flew  
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,  
Is not this peece too freight?

*Arc.* No, no, tis well.

*Pal.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,  
A bruise would be dishonour.

*Arc.* Now I am perfect.

*Pal.* Stand off then.

*Arc.* Take my Sword, I hold it better.

*Pal.* I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,  
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,  
For all my hopes: My Cause and honour guard me.

*Arc.* And me my love: \* Is there ought else to say?

They bow se-  
verall wayes:  
then advance  
and stand.

*Pal.* This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son:  
And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall,  
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword  
Is in my hand, and if thou killst me  
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be  
A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in honour,  
I wish his wearie soule, that falls may win it:

Fight





*The Two Noble Kinsmen*

51

Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

*Arc.* Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more  
Come neare thee with such friendship.

*Pal.* I commend thee.

*Arc.* If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,  
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.  
Once more farewell my Cosen,

*Pal.* Farewell *Arcite*.

*Fight.*

*Hornes within: they stand.*

*Arc.* Loe Cosen, loe, our Folly has undon us.

*Pal.* Why?

*Arc.* This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,  
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire  
For honours sake, and safely presently  
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall finde  
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Cosen:  
If you be seene you perish instantly  
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveale me,  
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorne us,  
And say we had a noble difference,  
But base disposers of it:

*Pal.* No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off  
This great adventure to a second Tryail  
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,  
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy selfe  
Vpon thy present guard.

*Arc.* You are not mad?

*Pal.* Or I will make th'advantage of this howre  
Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten me,  
I feare lesse then my fortune: know weake Cosen  
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury  
Thee, and all crosses else.

*Arc.* Then come, what can come  
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well  
Die, as discourse, or sleepe: Onely this feares me,  
The law will have the honour of our ends.  
Have at thy life.

H 2

*Pal.*

*Pal.* Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

*Fights againe. Hornet.*

*Enter Thebesus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.*

*Thebesus.* What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,  
Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes  
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,  
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?  
By *Castor* both shall dye.

*Pal.* Hold thy word *Thebesus,*  
We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers  
Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*  
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,  
Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*  
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground  
A Falser neu'r seem'd friend: This is the man  
Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee  
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise  
Against this owne Edict follows thy Sister,  
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*  
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,  
And first bequeathing of the soule to) justly  
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.  
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,  
I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'st  
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,  
The true descider of all injuries,  
Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Thebesus*  
Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie,  
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

*Per.* O heaven,  
What more then man is this!

*Thebesus.* I have sworne.

*Arc.* We seeke not  
Thy breath of mercy *Thebesus,* Tis to me  
A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,  
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,  
Let me say thus much; if in love be Treason,  
In service of so excellent a Beautie,







As I love most, and in that faith will perish,  
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,  
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,  
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,  
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me :  
For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady  
Why she is faire, and why her eyes command me  
Stay here to love her ; and if she say Traytor,  
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

*Pal.* Thou shalt have pittie of us both, o *Thesens*,  
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop,  
(As thou art just) thy noble eare against us,  
As thou art valiant ; for thy Cosen's soule  
Whose strong labours crowne his memory,  
Lets die together, at one instant Duke,  
Onely a little let him fall before me,  
That I may tell my Soule he shall not have her.

*Thes.* I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cosen  
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him  
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenses  
Being no more then his : None here speake for 'em  
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.

*Hipol.* Alas the pittie, now or never Sister  
Speake not to be denide ; That face of yours  
Will beare the curses else of after ages  
For these lost Cosen.

*Emil.* In my face deare Sister  
I finde no anger to 'em ; nor no ruyn,  
The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em ;  
Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,  
My knees shall grow to 'th ground but Ile get mercie ;  
Helpe me deare Sister, in a deede so vertuous,  
The powers of all women will be with us,  
Most royall Brother.

*Hipol.* Sir by our tye of Marriage.

*Emil.* By your owne spotlesse honour.

*Hip.* By that faith,  
That faire hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

*Emil.* By that you would have pittie in another,  
By your owne vertues infinite.

*Hip.* By valour,  
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.

*Thef.* These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,

*Per.* Nay then I am too: By all our friendship Sir, by all  
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady.

*Emil.* By that you would have trembled to deny  
A blushing Maide.

*Hip.* By your owne eyes: By strength  
In which you swore I went beyond all women,  
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thef*es.

*Per.* To crowne all this; By your most noble soule  
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

*Hip.* Next heare my prayers.

*Emil.* Last let me intreate Sir.

*Per.* For mercy.

*Hip.* Mercy.

*Emil.* Mercy on these Princes.

*Thef.* Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt  
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?

*Emil.* Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.

*Thef.* You are a right woman, Sister you have pittie,  
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.  
If you desire their lives, invent a way  
Safer then banishment: Can these two live  
And haue the agony of love about 'em,  
And not kill one another? Every day  
The'yld fight about you; how'rely bring your honour  
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then  
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,  
And my oth equally: I haue said they die,  
Better they fall by 'th law, then one another.  
Bow no. my honor.

*Emil.* O my nob'e Brother,  
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,  
You as reason will not hold it, if such vowes  
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Befide





Beside, I have another oth, gainst yours  
Of more authority, I am sure more love,  
Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

*Thes.* What is it Sister?

*Per.* Urge it home brave Lady:

*Emil.* That you would nev'r deny me any thing  
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:  
I eye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,  
Thinke how you maime your honour;  
(For now I am set a begging Sir, I am deafe  
To all but your compassion) how their lives  
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,  
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?  
That were a cruell wisdom, doe men proyne  
The straight yong Bowes that blush with thousand Blossoms  
Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Thesens*  
The goodly Mothers that have ground for these,  
And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,  
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,  
And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosens  
Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,  
Till I am nothing but the scoorne of women;  
For heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

*Thes.* On what conditions?

*Emil.* Swear' em never more  
To make me their Contention, or to know me,  
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be  
Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

*Pal.* Ile be cut a peeces  
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?  
O all ye gods despise me then: Thy Banishment  
I got mislike, so we may fairely carry  
Our Swords, and cause along: else never trifle,  
But take our lives: Duke, I must love and will,  
And for that love, must and dare kil this Cosen  
On any peece the earth has.

*Thes.* Will you *Arisse*  
Take these conditions?

*Pal.*

*Pal.* H'esa villaine then.

*Per.* These are men.

*Arcite.* No, never Duke: Tis worse to me than begging  
To take my life so basely, though I thinke  
I never shall enjoy her, yet ile preserve  
The honour of affection, and dye for her,  
Make death a Devill.

*Thes.* What may be done? for now I feele compassion.

*Per.* Let it not fall agen Sir.

*Thes.* Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you  
Content to take th'other to your husband?  
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes  
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble  
As ever fame yet spoke of; looke upon'em,  
And if you can love, end this difference,  
I give consent, are you content too Princes?

*Both.* With all our soules.

*Thes.* He that she refuses  
Must dye then.

*Both.* Any death thou canst invent Duke.

*Pal.* If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,  
And Lovers yet unborne shall blesse my ashes.

*Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,  
And Souldiers sing my Epitaph.

*Thes.* Make choice then.

*Emil.* I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent  
For me, a hayre shall never fall of these men.

*Hsp.* What will become of 'em?

*Thes.* Thus I ordaine it,  
And by mine honor, once againe it stands,  
Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,  
And each within this moneth accompanied  
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,  
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether  
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen  
By fayre and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,  
He shall enjoy her: the other loose his head,







And all his friends; Nor shall he grudge to fall,  
Nor thinke he dies with interest in his Lady:  
Will this content yee?

*Pal.* Yes there Cosen *Arcite*  
I am friends againe, till that howre.

*Arc.* I embrace ye.

*Thes.* Are you content Sister?

*Emil.* Yes, I must Sir,  
Els both miscarry.

*Thes.* Come shake hands againe then,  
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell  
Sleep till the howre prefixt, and hold your course.

*Pal.* We dare not faile thee *Thesous.*

*Thes.* Come, Ile give ye  
Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:  
When ye returne, who wins, Ile settle heere,  
Who looses, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere. *Exeunt.*

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Actus Quartus.

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Scena I. Enter Iailor, and his friend.

*Iailor.* Heare you no more, was nothing saide of me  
Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?  
Good Sir remember.

*1. Fr.* Nothing that I heard,  
For I came home before the busines  
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive  
Ere I departed, a great likelihood  
Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita*,  
And faire-cyd *Emilie*, upon their knees  
Begd with such hansom pitty, that the Duke  
Methought stood staggering, whether he should follow  
His rash o'th, or the sweet compassion  
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,  
That truely noble Prince *Perithous*  
Halfe his owne heart, set in too, that I hope  
All shall be well: Neither heard I one question

Of your name, or his scape.

*Enter 2. Friend.*

*Iay.* Pray heaven it hold so.

*2. Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes;  
Good newes.

*Iay.* They are welcome,

*2. Fr.* Palamon has cleerd you,

And got your pardon, and discoverd (Daughters,  
How, and by whose meanes he escape, which was your  
Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prisoner  
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,  
Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,  
A large one ile assure you.

*Iay.* Ye are a good man  
And ever bring good newes.

*1. Fr.* How was it ended?

*2. Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that new'r begd  
But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted,  
The prisoners have their lives.

*1. Fr.* I knew t'would be so.

*2. Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of  
At better time.

*Iay.* I hope they are good.

*2. Fr.* They are honourable,  
How good they'l prove, I know not.

*Enter Wood.*

*1. Fr.* T'will be knowne.

*Woo.* Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

*Iay.* Why doe you aske?

*Woo.* O Sir when did you see her?

*2. Fr.* How he lookes?

*Iay.* This morning. (she sleepe)

*Woo.* Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did

*1. Fr.* These are strange Questions.

*Iay.* I doe not thinke she was very well, for now

You make me minde her, but this very day

I ask'd her questions, and she answered me

So farre from what she was, so childishly.

So sillily, as if she were a foole,





An Innocent, and I was very angry.

But what of her Sir?

(as good by me

*Woo.* Nothing but my pittie; but you must know it, and  
As by an other that lesse loves her:

*Iay.* Well Sir.

*1. Fr.* Not right?

*2. Fr.* Not well? ——— *Wooer,* No Sir not well.

*Woo.* Tis too true, she is mad.

*1. Fr.* It cannot be.

*Woo.* Beleeve you'll finde it so.

*Iay.* I halfe suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:

Either this was her love to *Palamon,*

Or feare of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

*Woo.* Tis likely.

*Iay.* But why all this haste Sir?

*Woo.* He tell you quickly. As I late was angling  
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,  
From the far shore, thicke set with reedes, and Sedges,  
As patiently I was attending sport,  
I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive  
I gave my care, when I might well perceive  
T'was one that sung, and by the smallnesse of it  
A boy or woman. I then left my angle  
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not  
Who made the sound; the rushes, and the Reeds  
Had so encompass't it: I laide me downe  
And listned to the words she song, for then  
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,  
I saw it was your Daughter.

*Iay.* Pray goe on Sir?

*Woo.* She sung much, but no sence; onely I heard her  
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,  
Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberies,  
He finde him out to morrow.

*1. Fr.* Pretty soule.

*Woo.* His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,  
 A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe  
 With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,  
 With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roses,  
 And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,  
 And beg his pardon; Then she talk'd of you Sir;  
 That you must loose your head to morrow morning,  
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,  
 And see the house made hard some, then she sung  
 Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betwene  
 Ever was, *Palamon, faire Palamon,*  
 And *Palamon*, was a tall young man. The place  
 Was knee deepe where she sat, her careles Tresses,  
 A wreake of bull-rush rounded; about her stucke  
 Thousand fresh water flowers of severall cullors.  
 That me thought she appeared like the faire Nimph  
 That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris  
 Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings she made  
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
 The prettiest posies: Thus our true love's tide,  
 This you may loose, not me, and many a one:  
 And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,  
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2. Fr. Alas what pittie it is!

*Woer.* I made in to her.

She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,  
 And set her safe to land: when presently  
 She slip't away, and to the City made,  
 With such a cry, and swiftnes, that belceve me  
 Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,  
 I saw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em  
 I knew to be your brother, where she staid,  
 And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

*Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.*

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

*Daugh.* May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine Song?

*Bro.* O a very fine one.

*Daugh.*







*Daugh.* I can sing twenty more.

*Bro.* I thinke you can,

*Daugh.* Yes truly can I, I can sing the Broome,  
And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailour ?

*Bro.* Yes,

*Daugh.* Wher's my wedding Gowne ?

*Bro.* He bring it to mortrow.

*Daugh.* Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else  
To call the Maides, and pay the Minstrels  
For I must loose my Maydenhead by cocklight  
Twill never thrive else.

*O faire, oh sweets, &c.*

*Singes.*

*Bro.* You must ev'n take it patiently.

*Jay.* Tis true,

*Daugh.* Good'ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare  
Of one yong *Palamon* ?

*Jay.* Yes wench we know him.

*Daugh.* Is't not a fine yong Gentleman ?

*Jay.* Tis, Love.

*Bro.* By no meane crosse her, she is then distemperd  
For worse then now she shoves.

*1. Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.

*Daugh.* O, is he so? you have a Sister.

*1. Fr.* Yes.

*Daugh.* But she shall never have him, tell her so.  
For a trick that I know, y' had best looke to her,  
For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,  
And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes  
Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em  
And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wife course ?

*1. Fr.* Yes.

(*by him,*

*Daugh.* There is at least two hundred now with child  
There must be fowre ; yet I keepe close for all this,  
Close as a Cockle ; and all these must be Boyes,  
He has the trick on't, and at ten yeares old  
They must be all gelt for Musicians,  
And sing the wars of *The Jews*.

*2. Fr.* This is strange.

*Daugh.* As ever you heard, but say nothing.

*1. Fr.* No.

*Daugh.* They come from all parts of the Dukedome to  
He warrant ye, he had not so few last night  
As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl' r up  
In two howres, if his maad be in.

*Iay.* She's lost

Past all cure.

*Bro.* Heaven forbid man.

*Daugh.* Come hither, you are a wife man.

*1. Fr.* Do's she know him?

*1. Fr.* No, would she did.

*Daugh.* You are master of a Ship?

*Iay.* Yes.

*Daugh.* Wher's your Compasse?

*Iay.* Heere.

*Daugh.* Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*  
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling  
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

*All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the  
Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your  
Whistle Master?

*Bro.* Lets get her in.

*Iay.* Vp to the top Boy.

*Bro.* Wher's the Pilot?

*1. Fr.* Heere,

*Daugh.* What ken'st thou?

*2. Fr.* A faire wood.

*Daugh.* Beare for it master: take about: *Singer.*  
*When Cynthia wish her borrowed light, &c.* *Exeunt.*

*Sczna 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

*Emilia.* Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must  
And bleed to death for my sake else, He choose, *(open*  
And end their strife: Two such yong haufom men  
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,  
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes  
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What





*The Two Foble Kinsmen.*

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? If wise nature  
With all her best endowments, all those beauties  
She sowed into the birthes of noble bodies,  
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her  
The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,  
She would run mad for this man: what an eye?  
Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,  
Has this yong Prince? Here Love him selfe sits smyling,  
Iust such another wanton *Ganimed*,  
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god  
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him  
A shining constellation: What a brow,  
Of what a spacious Majesty he carries?  
Arch'd like the great eyd *Inno's*, but far sweeter,  
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour  
Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory  
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing  
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights  
Of gods, and such men neere 'em. *Palamon*,  
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull shadow,  
Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy  
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,  
No stirring in him, no alacrity,  
Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile;  
Yet these that we count errors may become him:  
*Narcissus* was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:  
Oh who can finde the beat of womans fancy?  
I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,  
I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly  
That women ought to beate me. On my knees  
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,  
And only beutifull, and these the eyes,  
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command  
And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare crosse 'em  
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting  
Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only  
From this howre is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,  
Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipsy.

And

And this the noble Bodie : I am sotted,  
 Vicerly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me.  
 For if my brother but even now had ask'd me  
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*;  
 Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,  
 Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,  
 Alas, I know not : aske me now Sweet Sister,  
 I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,  
 That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,  
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

*Enter Emil. and Gent.*

*Emil.* How now Sir ?

*Gent.* From the Noble Duke your Brother  
 Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

*Emil.* To end the quarrell ?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emil.* Would I might end first :

What sinnes have I committed, chaste *Dianna*,  
 That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd  
 With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie  
 Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,  
 Two greater, and two better never yet  
 Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice  
 To my unhappy Beautie ?

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perichous and attendants.*

*Theseus.* Bring 'em in quickly,

By any meanes, I long to see 'em.

Your two contending Lovers are return'd,  
 And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Siffer,  
 You must love one of them.

*Emil.* I had rather both,  
 So neither for my sake should fall untimely

*Enter Messengers. Curtis.*

*Thes.* Who saw 'em ?

*Per.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Thes.* From whence come you Sir ?

*Mess.* From the Knights.

*Thes.*







*Thef.* Pray speake  
You that have seene them, what they are.

*Mess.* I will Sir,  
And truly what I thinke: Six braver spirits  
Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)  
I never saw, nor read of: He that stands  
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming  
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,  
(His very lookes so say him) his complexion,  
Nearer a browne, than blacke; sterne, and yet noble,  
Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers:  
The circles of his eyes show faire within him,  
And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes;  
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining  
Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,  
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword  
Hung by a curious Bauldricke; when he frownes  
To scale his will with, better o'my conscience  
Was never Souldier's friend.

*Thef.* Thou ha' st well describde him,

*Per.* Yet a great deale short  
Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

*Thef.* Pray speake him friend.

*Per.* I ghesse he is a Prince too,  
And if it may be, greater; for his show  
Has all the ornament of honour in't:  
Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,  
But of a face far sweeter; His complexion  
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt  
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter  
To make this cause his owne: In's face appeares  
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,  
And when he's angry, then a settled valour  
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,  
And guides his arme to brave things: Feare he cannot,  
He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,  
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,  
Not to undoe with thunder; In his face

The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,  
 Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him.  
 And in his rowling eyes, sits victory,  
 As if she ever ment to correct his valour:  
 His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.  
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

*Emil.* Must these men die too ?

*Per.* When he speakes, his tongue  
 Sounds like a Trumpet ; All his lyncaments  
 Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,  
 He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold,  
 His age some five and twenty.

*Mess.* Ther's another,  
 A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming  
 As great as any : fairer promises  
 In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.

*Per.* O, he that's freckle fac'd ?

*Mess.* The same my Lord,  
 Are they not sweet ones ?

*Per.* Yes they are well.

*Mess.* Me thinkes.

Being so few, and well dispos'd, they show  
 Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,  
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour  
 Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble set,  
 Which showes an active soule ; his armes are brawny  
 Linde with strong sinewes : To the shoulder peccc,  
 Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,  
 Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting  
 Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,  
 But when he stirs, a Tiger ; he's gray eyd,  
 Which yeelds compassion where he conquers: sharpe  
 To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,  
 He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,  
 Nor takes none ; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles  
 He showes a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier :  
 About his head he weares the winners oke,  
 And in it stucke the favour of his Lady :





*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

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His age, some six and thirtie. In his hand  
He beares a charging Staffe, embost with silver.

*Thef.* Are they all thus?

*Per.* They are all the sonnes of honour.

*Thef.* Now as I have a soule I long to see'em,  
Lady you shall see men fight now.

*Hip.* I wish it,

But not the cause my Lord; They would show  
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;  
Tis pittie Love should be so tyrannous:  
O my soft harted Sister, what thinke you?  
Weepe not, till they weepe blood; Wench it must be.

*Thef.* You have steel'd'em with your Beautie: honor'd  
To you I give the Feild; pray order it, (Friend,  
Fitting the persons that must use it.

*Per.* Yes Sir.

*Thef.* Come, Ile goe visit 'em: I cannot stay.  
Their fame has fir'd me so; Till they appeare,  
Good Friend be royall.

*Per.* There shall want no bravery.

*Emilia.* Poore wench goe weepe, for whosoever wins,  
Looses a noble Cosen, for thy sins. *Exeunt.*

Scena 3. *Enter Iaior, Wooser, Doctor.*

*Doll.* Her distraction is more at some time of the Moone,  
Then at other some, is it not?

*Jay.* She is continually in a harmelesse distemper, sleepes  
Little, skogther without appetite, save often drinking,  
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what  
Broken peece of matter so'ere she's about, the name  
*Palamon* lardes it, that she farces ev'ry busines

*Enter Daughter.*

Withall, syts it to every question; Looke where  
Shee comes, you shall perceiue her behaviour.

*Daugh.* I have forgot it quite; The burden o'nt, was *downe*  
*A downe a;* and pend by no worse man, then  
*Girardo,* *Emilia's* Schoolemaster; he's as  
Fantastickall too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,  
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and

K 2

Then

Then will she be out of love with *Eneas*.

*Dost.* What stuff's here? pore soule.

*Ioy.* Ev'n thus all day long.

*Daugh.* Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you must  
Bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue,  
Or no feyry; then if it be your chance to come where  
The blessed spirits, as the rs a sight now; we maids  
That have our Lyvers, perish'd, crakt to peecees with  
Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing all day long  
But picke flowera with Proserpine, then will I make  
*Palamon* a Nosegay, then let him marke me, — then.

*Dost.* How prettily she's amisse? note her a little further.

*Dau.* Faith ile tell you, sometime we goe to *Barly breake*,  
We of the blessed; alas, tis a sore life they have i'th  
Thother place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing,  
Howling, chattring, cursing, oh they have shrowd  
Measure, take heede if one be mad, or hang or  
Drowne themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* blesse  
Vs, and there shall we be put in a Caldron of  
Lead, and Usurers grease, amongst a whole million of  
Cutpurfes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon  
That will never be enough. *Exit.*

*Dost.* How her braine coynes?

*Daugh.* Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with  
Child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the  
Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part  
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very gree-  
vous punishment, as one would thinke, for such a Trifle, be-  
leve me one would marry a leापrous witch, to be rid on't  
Ile assure you.

*Dost.* How she continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted  
Madnesse, but a most thicke, and profound mellencholly.

*Daugh.* To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud City  
wiffe, howle together: I were a beast and i'd call it good  
sport: one cries, o this smoake, another this fire; One cries, o,  
that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th'other  
curfes a swiag fellow and her garden house.

*Sings.* *I will be true, my fears, my fate, &c.* *Exit, Daugh.*  
*Taylor.*







*Iay.* What thinke you of her Sir? (minister to.

*Doff.* I think she has a perturbed minde, which I cannot

*Iay.* Alas, what then?

*Doff.* Vnderstand you, she ever affected any man, ere  
She beheld *Palamon*?

*Iay.* I was once Sir, in great hope, she had fixd her  
Liking on this gentleman my friend. (great

*Woo.* I did thinke so too, and would account I had a  
Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my state, that both  
She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the  
Same tearmes. (the

*Do.* That intemperat surfeit of her eye, hath distemperd  
Other senses, they may returne and settle againe to  
Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are  
Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you  
Must doe, Confine her to a place, where the light  
May rather seeme to steale in, then be permitted; take  
Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of  
*Palamon*, say you come to eate with her, and to  
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for  
This her minde beates upon; other objects that are  
Inserted tweene her minde and eye, become the pranks  
And friskins of her madnes; Sing to her, such greene  
Songs of Love, as she sayes *Palamon* hath sung in  
Prison; Come as her, stucke in as sweet flowers, as the  
Season is mistres of; and thereto make an addition of  
Som other compounded odours, which are gratefull to the  
Sence: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can  
Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing, desire  
To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and still  
Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance  
Into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her  
Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to  
Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with  
Tokens, as if they suggested for him, It is a falsehood  
She is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated.  
This may bring her to eate, to sleepe, and reduce what's  
Now out of square in her, into their former law, and

Regiment; I have seene it approved, how many times  
 I know not, but to make the number more, I have  
 Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of  
 This project, come in with my aplyance: Let us  
 Put it in execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not  
 Will bring forth comfort. *Florisb. Exeunt.*

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*Actus Quintus.*

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*Scena 1. Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, attendants.*

*Thes.* Now let 'em enter, and before the gods  
 Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples  
 Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars  
 In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense  
 To those above us: Let no due be wanting,  
*Florisb of Cornets.*

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour  
 The very powers that love 'em.

*Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.*

*Per.* Sir they enter.

*Thes.* You valiant and strong harted Enemies  
 You royall German foes, that this day come  
 To blow that nearenesse our that flames betweene ye;  
 Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like  
 Before the holy Altars of your helpers  
 (The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,  
 Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,  
 And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice,  
 I leaue you to your prayers, and betwixt ye  
 I part my wishes.

*Per.* Honour crowne the worthiest.

*Exit Theseus, and his traine.*

*Pal.* The glasse is running now that cannot finish  
 Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,  
 That were there ought in me which strove to show  
 Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye  
 Against another: Arme opprest by Arme:





I would destroy th'offender, Coz, I would  
Though parcell of my selfe : Then from this gather  
How I should tender you.

*Arc.* I am in labour

To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred  
Out of my memory; and i'th selfe same place  
To seate something I would confound : So hoyft we  
The sayles, that must these vessells port even where  
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

*Pal.* You speake well ;

Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Eosen  
This I shall never doe agen.

*Arc.* One farewell

*Pal.* Why let it be so : Farewell Coz.

*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

*Arc.* Farewell Sir;

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices  
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you  
Expells the seedes of feare, and th'apprehension  
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me  
Before the god of our profession : There  
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and  
The breath of Tigers, yea the scarcensse too,  
Yea the speed alio, to goe on, I meane:  
Else wish we to be Snayles ; you know my prize  
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate  
Must put my Garland on, where she sticke  
The Queene of Flowers: our intercession then  
Must be to him that makes the Campe, a Cestron  
Brynd with the blood of men : give me your aide  
And bend your spirits towards him. *They kneels.*  
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd  
Greene Neptune into purple.

Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste Feild  
Vneathed skulls proclaime, whose breath blowes downe,  
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who dost plucke  
With hand armenypotent from forth blew clowdos,  
The masond Turrets, that both mak' it, and break' it

The

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,  
 Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day  
 With military skill, that to thy lawde  
 I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,  
 Be stil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars  
 Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard  
 clanging of Armor, with a Sports Thunder as the burst of  
 a Bastail, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,  
 Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider  
 Of dustie, and old tydes, that bealt with blood  
 The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world  
 O'th pluresie of people; I doe take  
 Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name  
 To my designe; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-  
 vance.*

*Pal.* Our stars must glister with new fire, or be  
 To daie extinct; our argument is love,  
 Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives  
 Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,  
 You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause  
 Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*  
 Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
 Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*  
 Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power  
 To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;  
 And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'rt the might  
 Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars*'s Drom  
 And turne th'alarme to whispers, that canst make  
 A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him  
 Before *Apollo*; that may'lt force the King  
 To be his subjects vassaile, and induce  
 Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour  
 Whose youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres  
 Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch  
 And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throat

*Abuse*







Abuse yong laies of love; what godlike power  
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phobus* thou  
Add'st flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres  
Did scortch his mortall Son, thine him; the huntresse  
All moyst and cold, some say began to throw  
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace  
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke  
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier  
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nettles;  
I have never beene foule mouthd against thy law,  
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none; would not  
Had I kend all that were; I never practised  
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade  
Of liberall wits: I never at great feastes  
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blush'd  
At simpring Sirs that did: I have beene harsh  
To large Confessors, and have hotly ash'd them  
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,  
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man  
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who  
A Lasse of foureteene brided; t'was thy power  
To put life into dust, the aged Crampe  
Had screw'd his square foote round,  
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,  
Torturing Convulsions from his globic eyes,  
Had almost drawne their sphaeres, that what was life  
In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie  
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I  
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
And who would not beleve her? brieve I am  
To those that prate and have done; no Companion  
To those that boast and have not; a desyer  
To those that would and cannot; a Rejoycer,  
Yea him I doe not love, that tells close offices  
The fowlest way, nor names concealments in  
The boldest language, such a one I am,  
And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
Truer then I. O then most soft sweet goddesse

L

Give

Give me the victory of this question, which  
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe  
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are seene to flutter, they  
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

*Pal.* O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raig'n'st  
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world  
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks  
For this faire Token, which being layd unto  
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*  
My body to this businesse: Let us rise  
And bow before the goddess: Time comes on; *Exeunt.*

*Still Musicke of Records.*

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her soulders, a whea-  
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire  
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver  
Hynde, in whic he conveyd Incense and sweet odours,  
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a  
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtsy and kneele.*

*Emilia.* O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,  
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,  
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure  
As windefand Snow, who to thy small knights  
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,  
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest  
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe  
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet  
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,  
And sacred silver Mirrour, lend thine eare  
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port  
Ne're entred wayton sound,) to my petition  
Seasond with ho'y feare; This is my last  
Of vestall office, I am trade habited,  
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,  
But doe not know him, out of two, I should  
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I  
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,  
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious,





I could doo'mbe neither, that which perish'd should  
Too't unsentenc'd; Therefore most modest Queene,  
He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me  
And has the truest title in't, Let him  
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant  
The fyle and qualitiel hold, I may  
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and in the  
place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.*

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes  
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar  
With sacred a& advances: But one Rose,  
If well inspir'd, this Battaille shal confound  
Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre  
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instruments, and the  
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is false, the Tree descends: O Mistris  
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,  
I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will;  
Vnclaspe thy Misterie: I hope she's pleas'd,  
Her Signes were gracious.

*They courtesey and Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Doctor, Taylor and Wooer, in habite of  
Palamon.*

*Doct.* Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?  
*Wooer.* O verry much; The maide that hept her company  
Have halfe perswaded her that I am Palamon; within this  
Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and asked me what I  
Would eate, and when I would kisse her: I told her  
Presently, and kist her twice.

*Doct.* T was well done; twentie times had bin far better,  
For there the cure lies mainly.

*Wooer.* Then she told me  
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew  
What houre my fit would take me.

*Doct.* Let her doo so,  
And when your fit comes, sit her home,

And presently.

*Wooc.* She would have me sing.

*Doctor.* You did so?

*Wooc.* No.

*Doct.* Twas very ill done then,  
You should observe her ev'ry way.

*Wooc.* Alas

I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.

*Doctor.* That's all one, if yee make a noyse,  
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,  
Lye with her if she aske you.

*Taylor.* Ho there *Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Yes in the waie of cure.

*Taylor.* But first by your leave

I' th way of honestie.

*Doctor.* That's but a nicenesse,  
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie;  
Cure her first this way, then if shewill be honest,  
She has the path before her.

*Taylor.* Thanke yee *Doctor.*

*Doctor.* Pray bring her in  
And let's see how shewill be.

*Taylor.* I will, and tell her.

Her *Balamon* staies for her: But *Doctor,*  
Me thinks you are i' th wrong still.

*Exit Taylor.*

*Doct.* Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles; her honestie?  
And we should give her physicke till we finde that.

*Wooc.* Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir?

*Doctor.* How old is she?

*Wooc.* She's eighteene.

*Doctor.* She may be,

But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,  
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave  
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of  
Videlicet, the way of flesh, you have me.

*Wooc.* Yet very well Sir.

*Doctor.* Please her appetite  
And doe it home, it cures her *spfe sacre,*

The







The mellencholly humour that infects her,

*Woer.* I am of your minde *Doctor.*

*Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.*

*Doctor.* You'l finde it so; she comes, pray honour her.

*Iaylor.* Come, your Love *Palamon* staies for you childe,  
And has done this long houre, to visite you.

*Daughter.* I thanke him for his gen'le patie nce,  
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,  
Did you nev'r see the horse he gave me?

*Iaylor.* Yes.

*Daugh.* How doe you like him?

*Iaylor.* He's a very faire one.

*Daugh.* You never saw him dance?

*Iaylor.* No.

*Daugh.* I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,  
And for a ligge, come cut and long taile to him,  
He turnes ye like a Top.

*Iaylor.* That's fine indeede.

*Daugh.* Hee'l dance the *Morris* twenty mile an houre,  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse  
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,  
And gallops to the turne of *Ligh d'love*,  
What thinke you of this horse?

*Iaylor.* Having these vertues  
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

*Daugh.* Alas that's nothing.

*Iaylor.* Can he write and read too.

*Daugh.* A very faire hand, and casts himsele th'accounts  
Of all his hay and provender: That *Hofler*  
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know  
The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

*Iaylor.* Very well.

*Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poore beast,  
But he is like his master coy and scornfull.

*Iaylor.* What dowry has she?

*Daugh.* Some two hundred Bottles,  
And twenty strike of Oates, but hee'l ne're have her;

He

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

He lispes in's neighing able to entice

A Millars Marc,

Hee'l be the death of her.

*Doctor.* What stufie she utters?

*Taylor.* Make curtise, here your love comes.

*Woer.* Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtise.

*Daugh.* Yours to command ith way of honestie;

How far is't now to th end o' th world my Masters?

*Doctor.* Why a daies Iorney wench.

*Daugh.* Will you goe with me?

*Woer.* What shall we doe there wench?

*Daugh.* Why play at stoole ball,

What is there else to doe?

*Woer.* I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there.

*Daugh.* Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall finde

Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture

To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;

Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow

And that would be a blot i' th businesse

Are not you *Palamon*?

*Woer.* Doe not you know me?

*Daugh.* Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing  
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

*Woer.* That's all one, I will have you.

*Daugh.* Will you surely?

*Woer.* Yes by this faire hand will I.

*Daugh.* Wee'l to bed then.

*Woer.* Ev'n when you will.

*Daugh.* O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

*Woer.* Why doe you rub my kisse off?

*Daugh.* Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cousen *Arcite*?

*Doctor.* Yes sweet heart,

And I am glad my Cousen *Palamon*





Has made so faire a choice.

*Daugh.* Doe you thinke hee'l have me?

*Doctor.* Yes without doubt.

*Daugh.* Doe you thinke so too?

*Taylor.* Yes. (growne,

*Daugh.* We shall have many children : Lord, how y'ar  
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely  
Now he's at liberty : Alas poore Chicken  
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging  
But ile kisse him up againe.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* What doe you here, you'l loose the noblest fight  
That ev'r was scene.

*Taylor.* Are they i'th Field?

*Mess.* They are

You beare a charge there too.

*Taylor.* Ile away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

*Doctor.* Nay wee'l goe with you,  
I will not loose the Fight.

*Taylor.* How did you like her?

*Doctor.* Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4. daies  
Ile make her right againe. You must not from her  
But still preserve her in this way.

*Woer.* I will.

*Doc.* Lets get her in.

*Woer.* Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner  
And then wee'll play at Cardes.

*Daugh.* And shall we kisse too?

*Woer.* A hundred times

*Daugh.* And twenty.

*Woer.* I and twenty.

*Daugh.* And then wee'l sleepe together.

*Doc.* Take her offer.

*Woer.* Yes marry will we.

*Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me.

*Woer.* I will not sweete.

*Daugh.* If you doe (Love) ile cry.

*Flourish Exeunt.*

SCENA.

Scene 3. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Perithous: and  
some Attendants, T. Tucke; Curio.

*Emil.* Ile no step further.

*Per.* Will you loose this fight?

*Emil.* I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly  
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls  
Threats a brave life, each stroake laments  
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like  
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,  
It is enough my hearing shall be punishd,  
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is  
No deafning, but to heare; not taint mine eye  
With dread fights, it may shun.

*Per.* Sir, my good Lord  
Your Sister will no further.

*Thes.* Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,  
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now  
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife  
Both seald with eye, and eare; you must be present,  
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland  
To crowne the Questions title.

*Emil.* Pardon me,  
If I were there, I'd winke

*Thes.* You must be there;  
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you  
The onely star to shine.

*Emil.* I am extinct,  
There is but envy in that light, which shoves  
The one the other: darkenes which ever was  
The dam of horrour, who do's stand accurst  
Of many mortall Millions, may even now  
By casting her blacke mantle over both  
That neither could finde other, get her selfe  
Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
Set off wherto she's guilty.

*Hip.* You must goe.

*Emil.* In faith I will not.

*Thes.*







*Thes.* Why the knights must kindle  
Their valour at your eye: know of this war  
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by  
To give the Service pay.

*Emil.* Sir pardon me,  
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride  
Out of it selfe.

*Thes.* Well, well then, at your pleasure,  
Those that remaine with you, could wish their office  
To any of their Enemies.

*Hip.* Farewell Sister,  
I am like to know your husband fore your selfe  
By some small start of time, he whom the gods  
Doe of the two know best, I pray them he  
Be made your Lot.

*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.*

*Emil.* *Arcite* is gently visagd; yet his eye  
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon  
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage  
Are bedfellowes in his visage: *Palamon*  
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow  
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on,  
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to  
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye  
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly  
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcites* mirth,  
But *Palamons* sadnes is a kinde of mirth,  
So mingied, as if mirth did make him sad,  
And sadnes, merry; those darker humours that  
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them  
Live in faire dwelling.

*Cornets, Trompets sound as to a charge.*

Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite  
The Princes to their prooffe, *Arcite* may win me,  
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to  
The spoyling of his figure. O what pittty  
Enough for such a chance; if I were by  
I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eyes

M

Toward

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might  
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence  
Which crav'd that very time : it is much better  
(*Cornets, a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)  
I am not there, oh better never borne  
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* The Crie's a *Palamon.*

*Emil.* Then he has won: 'Twas ever likely,  
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is  
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run  
And tell me how it goes.

*Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.*

*Ser.* Still *Palamon.*

*Emil.* Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,  
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,  
*Palamons* on the left, why so, I know not,  
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

*Another cry, and shows within, and Cornets.*

On the sinister side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*  
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour  
Is sure th'end o'th Combat, *Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body  
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry  
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,  
Th'Assistants made a brave redemption, and  
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are  
Hand to hand at it.

*Emil.* Were they metamorphis'd  
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman  
Worth so compold a Man: their single share,  
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives  
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

*Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.*

To any Lady breathing ——— More exulting?  
*Palamon* still?

*Ser.* Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.*

*Emil.* I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

*Cornets,*





*Cornets. a great shout and cry, Arcite, victory.*

Set both thine cares to'ch busines.

*Ser.* The cry is

*Arcite*, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,  
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd  
By the wind Instruments.

*Emil.* Halfe sights saw

That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his riches  
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could  
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,  
Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,  
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke  
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not  
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets  
When oft our fancies are: They are comming off:  
Alas poote *Palamon*.

*Cornets.*

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.*

*Thes.* Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,  
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Emily*,  
The gods by their divine arbitrament  
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one  
As ever strooke at head: Give me your hands;  
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with  
A love that growes, as you decay;

*Arcite. Emily,*

To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,  
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely,  
As I doe rate your value.

*Thes.* O loved Sister,

He speakes now of as brave a Knight as e're  
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods  
Would have him die a Batchelour, least his race  
Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour  
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was  
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise  
Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*  
Did not loose by't; For he that was thus good

Encountred yet his Better, I have heard  
 Two emulous Philomels, beate the care o'th night  
 With their contentious throates, now one the higher,  
 Anon the other, then againe the first,  
 And by and by out breasted, that the sence  
 Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd  
 Good space betweene these kinsmen; till heavens did  
 Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girland  
 With joy that you have won: For the subdude,  
 Give them our present Iustice, since I know  
 Their lives but pinch'em; Let it here be done:  
 The Sceane's not for our seeing, goe we hence,  
 Right joyfull, with some sorrow. Arme your prize,  
 I know you will not loose her: *Hipolita*  
 I see one eye of yours conceives a teare  
 The which it will deliver. *Florist.*

*Emil.* Is this wyning?

Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?  
 But that your wils have saide it must be so,  
 And charge me live to comfort this outtended,  
 This miserable Prince, that cuts away  
 A life more worthy from him, then all women;  
 I should, and would die too.

*Hip.* Infinite pittie

That fowre such eies should be so fixd on one  
 That two must needs be blinde fort.

*Thef.* So it is. *Exeunt.*

*Scena 4. Enter Palamon and his Knightes pynions & taylor,  
 Executioner &c. Gard.*

There's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd  
 The love o'th people, yea i'th selfesame state  
 Stands many a Father with his childe; some comfort  
 We have by so considering: we expire  
 And not without mens pittie. To live still,  
 Have their good wishes, we prevent  
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile  
 The Gowt and Rheume, that in lag howres attend  
 For grey approachers; we come towards the gods

Yong







Yong, and unwapper'd not, halting under Crymes  
 Many and stale : that sure shall please the gods  
 Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,  
 For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinsmen.  
 Whose lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,  
 You have sould 'em too too cheape.

1. K. What ending could be  
 Of more content? ore us the victors have  
 Fortune, whose title is as momentary,  
 As to us death is certaine : A graine of honour  
 They not ore'-weigh us.

2. K. Let us bid farewell;  
 And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,  
 Who at her certain'ft reeles.

3. K. Come? who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall  
 Taste to you all : ah ha my Friend, my Friend,  
 Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once ;  
 You'll see't done now for ever : pray how do'es she ?  
 I heard she was not well ; her kind of ill  
 gave me some sorrow.

Jaylor. Sir she's well restor'd,  
 And to be marryed shortly.

Pal. By my short life  
 I am most glad on't ; Tis the latest thing  
 I shall be glad of, pre'thee tell her so :  
 Commend me to her, and to peece her portion  
 Tender her this.

1. K. Nay lets be offerers all.

2. K. Is it a maide ?

Pal. Verily I thinke so,  
 A right good creature, more to me deserving  
 Then I can quight or speake of.

All K. Cominend us to her. *They give their purses.*

Jaylor. The gods requight you all,  
 And make her thankefull.

Pal. Adiew; and let my life be now as short,  
 As my leave taking.

*Lies on the Blocke.*

1. K. Leade couragiour Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

*A great noise within crying, run, save hold:*

*Enter in hast a Messenger.*

Mess. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithou in haste.*

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a cursed hast you made  
If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,  
The gods will shew their glory in a life.  
That thou art yet to leade,

*Pal.* Can that be,

When *Venus* I have said is false? How doe things fare?

*Pir.* Arise great Sir, and give the rydings care  
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

*Pal.* What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

*Pir.* Lift then: your Cofin

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*

Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing  
Not a hayre worth of white, which some will say  
Weakens his price, and many will not buy  
His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition  
Heere findes allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*  
Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*  
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horse  
Would make his lenth a mile, ife pleas'd his Rider  
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting  
The flint y pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Musicke  
His owne hoofs made; (for as they say from iron  
Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,  
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him posselt  
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke  
Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,  
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire  
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder  
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end;  
Forgets schoole da'ing, being therein traird,  
And of kind mannage, pig-like he whines





At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather  
Then any jot obaies; seckes all foule meanes  
Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to dis-seate  
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,  
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffring  
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plunges  
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes  
on end he stands

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head  
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victors wreath  
Even then fell off his head: and presently  
Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze  
Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,  
But such a vessell tis, that floates but for  
The surge that next approaches: he much desires  
To have some speech with you: Loe he appeares.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.*

*Pal.* O miserable end of our alliance  
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,  
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:  
Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*,  
One that yet loves thee dying.

*Arc.* Take *Emilia*  
And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,  
Farewell: I have told my last houre; I was false,  
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cosen:  
One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:  
Take her: I die.

*Pal.* Thy brave soule seeke *Elizium*. (thee;

*Emil.* Ile close thine eyes Prince: blessed soules be with  
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,  
This day I give to teares.

*Pal.* And I to honour.

*Thef.* In this place first you fought: ev'n very here  
I sundred you, acknowledge to the gods  
Our thanks that you are living:  
His part is playd, and though it were too short  
He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arrowze you,  
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,  
 And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*  
 Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave  
 The grace of the Contention: So the Deities  
 Have shew'd true justice: Beare this hence.

*Pal.* O Cosen,

That we should things desire, which doe cost us  
 The losse of our desire; That nought could buy  
 Deare love, but losse of deare love.

*Theb.* Never Fortune

Did play a subtiler Game: The conquerd triumphes,  
 The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,  
 The gods have beene most equall; *Palamon*,  
 Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady.  
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and  
 Even then proclaim'd your fancie: He restord her  
 As your stolne Jewell, and desir'd your spirit  
 To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice  
 Take from my hand, and they themselv's become  
 The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;  
 And call your Lovers from the stage of death,  
 Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two  
 Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto  
 The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end  
 The visages of Bridegroomies weele put on  
 And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,  
 But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,  
 As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,  
 As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,  
 What things you make of us? For what we lacke  
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,  
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankefull  
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute  
 That are above our question: Let's goe off,  
 And beare us like the time;

*Florisb. Exunt.*

Epilogus.







## EPILOGVE.

**I** Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,  
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,  
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,  
And let me looke upon ye: No man smile?  
Then it goes hard I see; He that has  
Lov'd a yong handsome wench then, show his face:  
Tis strange if none be heere, and if he will  
Against his Conscience let him hisse, and kill  
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I see to stay yee,  
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?  
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold  
We have no such cause. If the tale we have told  
(For tis no other) any way content ye)  
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)  
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long  
I dare say many a better, to prolong  
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,  
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Florish.

FINIS.

N

















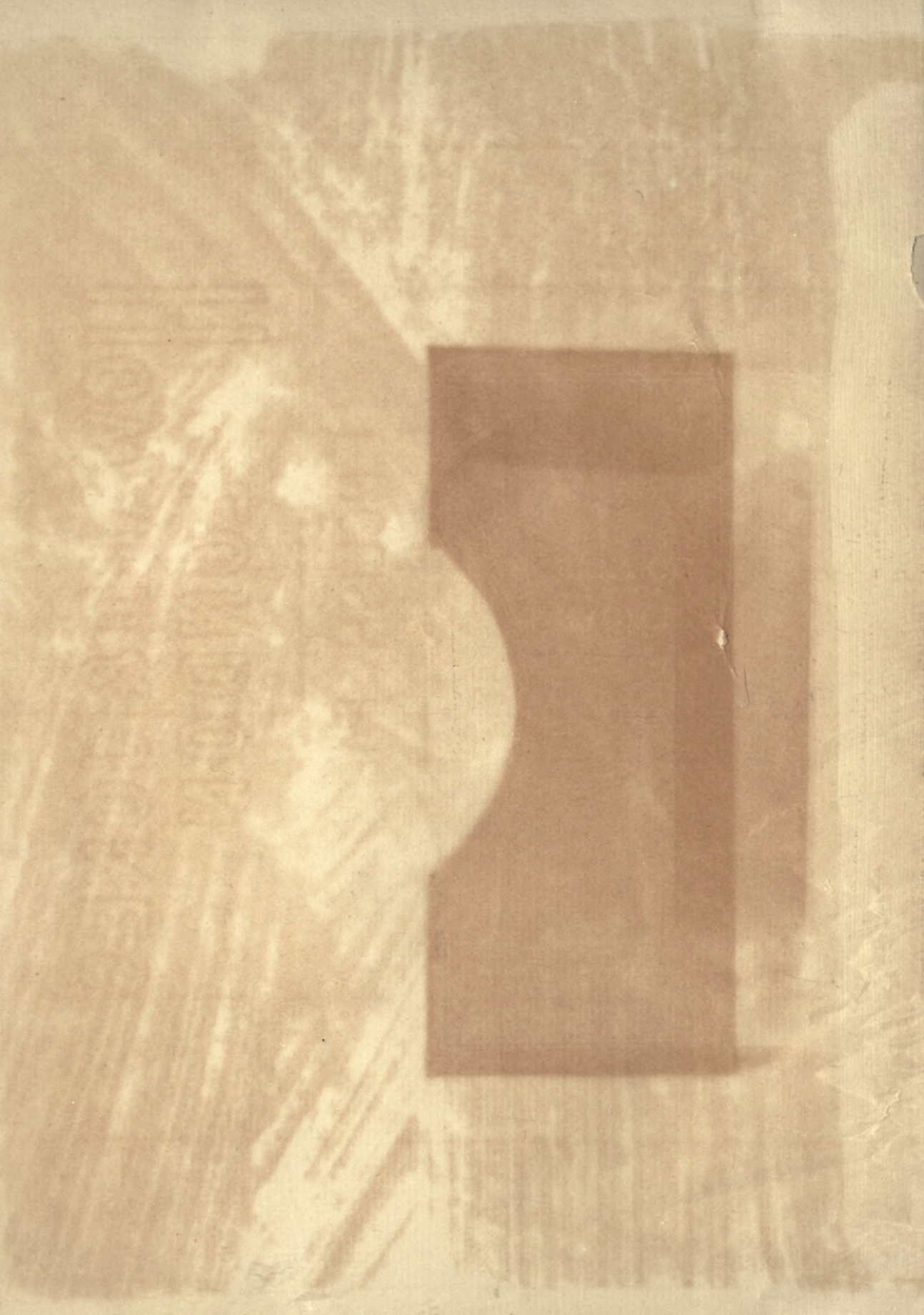




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